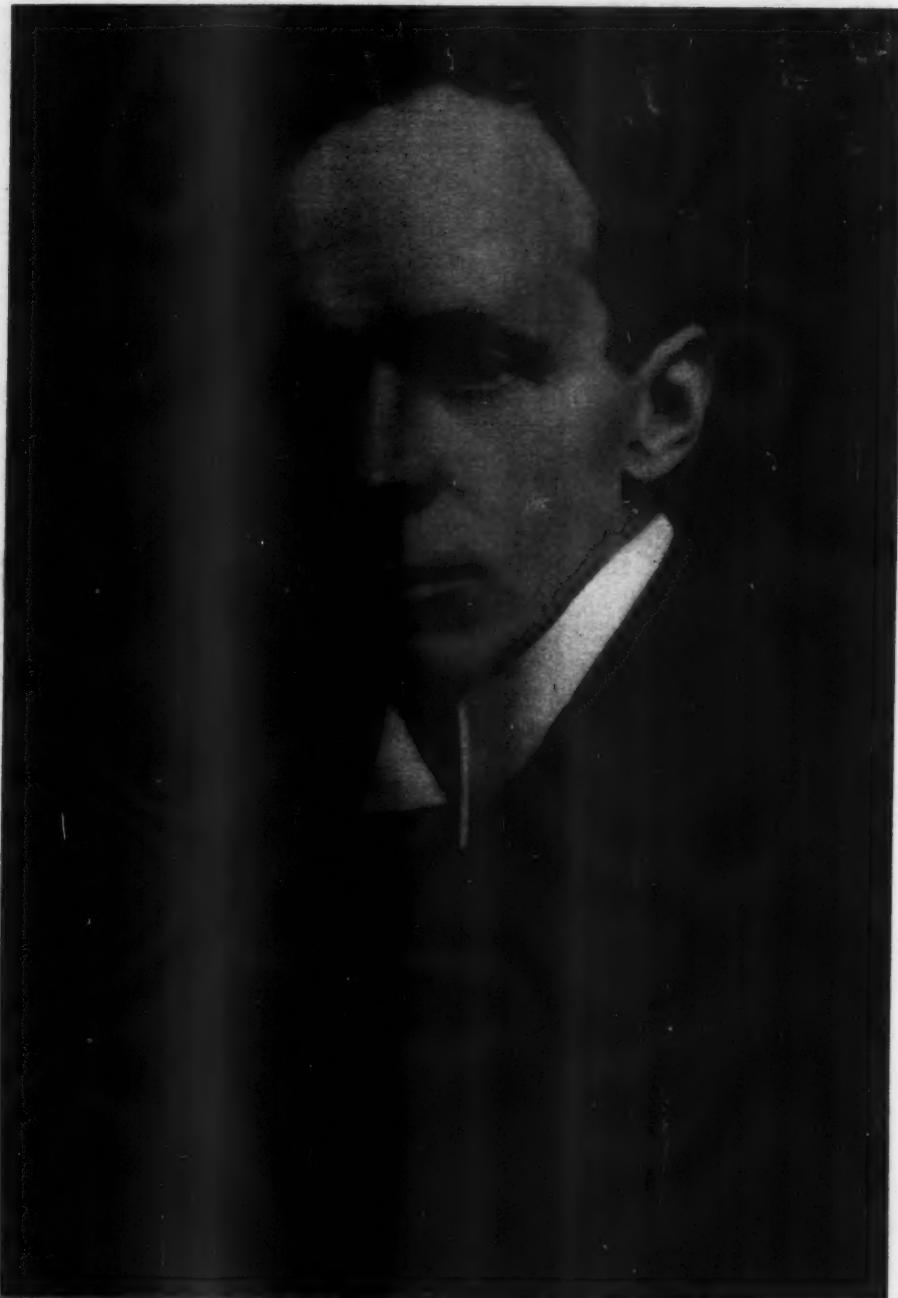


CURRENT OPINION



THE ALTAR OF PEACE

The Italian-American sculptor Vincenzo Miserendino offers this suggestion for a towering monument, to cost \$5,000,000, depicting the spiritual struggle of humanity and its culmination in Christ.



© Wide World Photos

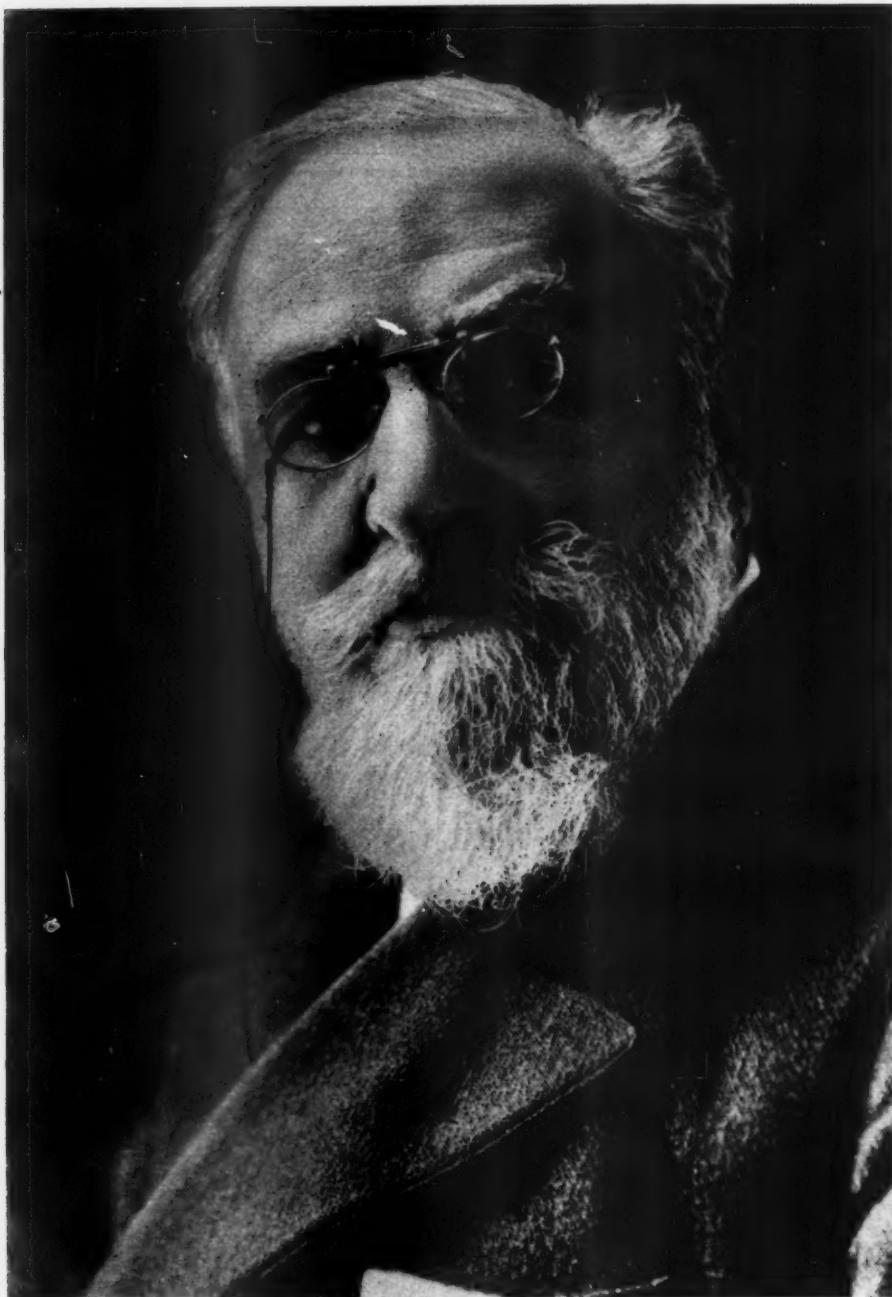
AN ENGLISH LORD WHO PREACHES A LEAGUE OF NATIONS
This Robert Cecil, son of Lord Salisbury, is trying to convert America to the European way of thinking.



© Keystone View Co.

INDIANA FURNISHES A POSTMASTER GENERAL

Nobody was surprised, but many were disappointed, when President Harding made ex-Senator Harry S. New his Postmaster General.



© Wide World Photos

AND STILL THEY COME ADVOCATING THAT LEAGUE OF NATIONS
M. Leon Bourgeois resigns the presidency of the French Senate to devote himself to "the holy cause!"



© Harris & Ewing—Paul Thompson

AN ANNAPOLIS GRADUATE WHO HAS WON THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR PHYSICS
Prof. A. A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, is the only American, excepting Theodore Roosevelt,
to be so honored.



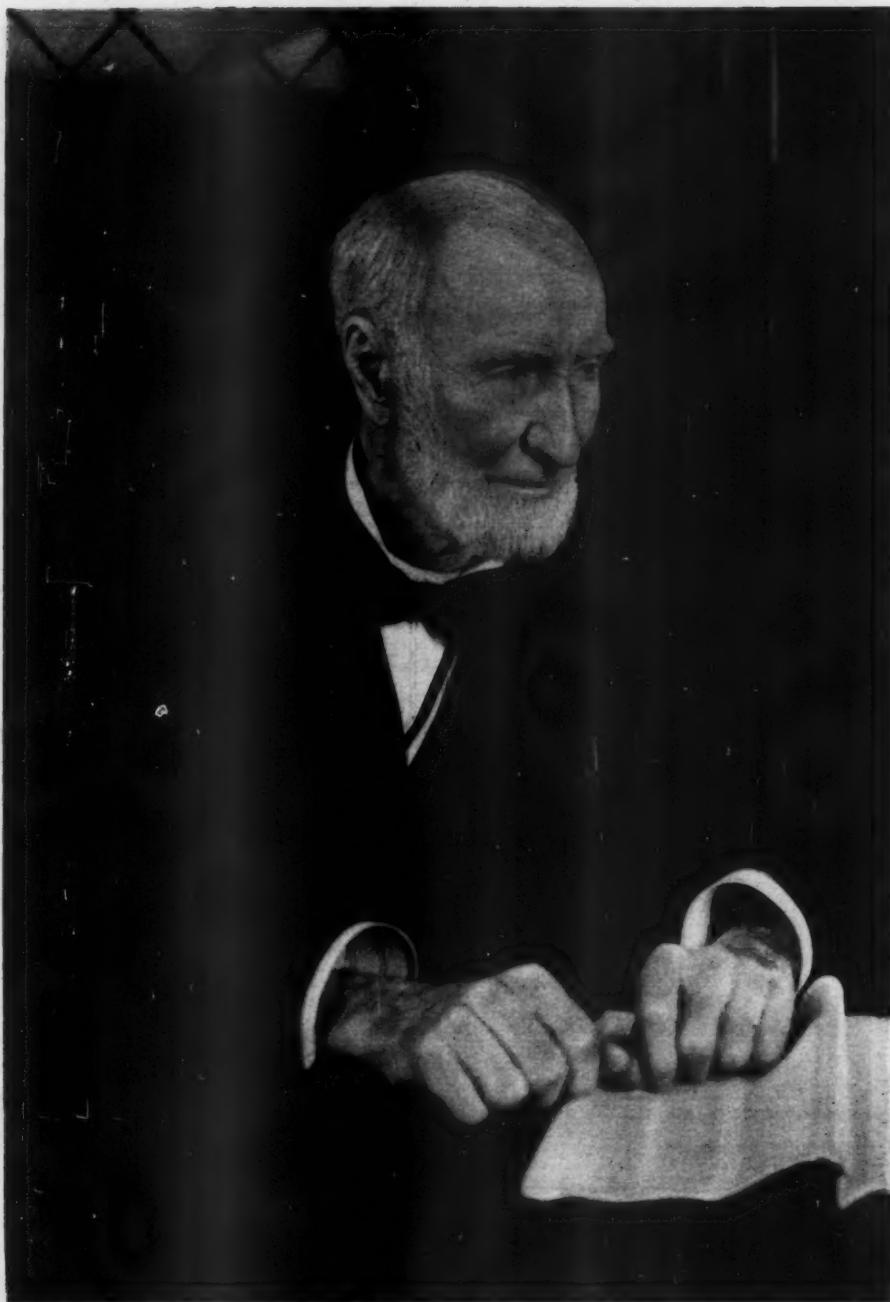
© Harris & Ewing—Paul Thompson

HE HAS GONE TO EUROPE TO COLLECT A LITTLE MATTER OF \$256,505,119 DUE UNCLE SAM
Elliot Wadsworth, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, puts us on record as having as just a claim
as the Allies for maintaining troops in Germany.



© Underwood & Underwood

THIS "BEST-LOVED" QUEEN IN EUROPE WAS CROWNED 25 YEARS AGO
Wilhelmina of the Netherlands once defied Wilhelm of Germany, to whom she now gives asylum.



© Harris & Ewing

"UNCLE JOE" FINALLY QUILTS CONGRESS WITH A SMILE

After 46 years in Washington, Representative Cannon returns to Danville, Ill., to smoke in peace.

THE CURRENT OF OPINION

"Give, Forgive and Lend"

AMERICA is rich, therefore she should forgive Europe's debts. America wants to sell her goods abroad, therefore she should give credit to the European purchasers. America wants Europe to buy our farmers' grain, therefore we should lend billions to Germany and other countries.

"Give, forgive and lend!"

That is the burden of the siren song, which, according to Garet Garrett, financial writer, all the European nations are singing in unison, and have been dinning into our ears ever since the Armistice.

The American Government loaned the Allied and Associated Powers ten billion dollars on their I. O. U.'s. With accretions and accrued interest this now amounts to eleven and a half billions. Since the war our exports of goods have exceeded our imports by approximately ten billions more. We have bought about a billion dollars' worth of foreign currency and almost worthless German marks. Through remittances of money from our people to their relatives abroad, through commercial credits, privately financed works of relief, and the investment of private capital, still another billion of American dollars has crossed the seas.

All told, in eight years we have contributed about \$22,000,000,000 to Eu-

rope. In 1914 our total national wealth was estimated at only two hundred billions. Thus as Mr. Garrett says, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, we have "given, forgiven, and loaned away" one-tenth of our national wealth.

Is Europe satisfied and grateful? No!

In the face of this showing Europe continues to strike the attitude that she will commit economic suicide unless we save her. So effective has her propaganda been that we are more than half persuaded it is true.

"Would you stand idly by and see Europe destroy itself?" Senator Robinson asked Congress. "While Europe is in this state it cannot buy our agricultural surplus. We must do something."

What are we to do?—give, forgive and lend!

The truth is that European consumption of "our agricultural surplus" has been abnormally great during and since the war, but that it will fall off progressively from now on, until Europe becomes, as she was before, 95% self-sustaining. The American farmer has been over-producing to meet an abnormal demand, and must cut down his grain acreage.

The farmer needs to be reminded that "growing grain for export is the most wasteful industry we have. It is conducted and must be conducted in competition with Australia, Argentina and India."





"WHY DON'T YOU REFORM FIRST?"

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*.

But even granted that we do not need to buoy up and artificially stimulate European markets for foodstuffs, what of manufactured goods? Is it not incumbent upon us to protect that alleged basis of our national prosperity?

The answer is No!

Our exports of manufactured goods, said Secretary Hoover, in his annual report, "comprise less than four per cent. of our production." Of this total Europe takes "less than 1 per cent."

Shall we break our hearts over an utterly unimportant one per cent. of our gross business?

Not that foreign trade is unimportant. It is *most* important. In fact, "It is infatuating," as Mr. Garrett says, but far from vital.

We have been so busy listening to European propaganda that we have

forgotten what a thrice-blessed land we live in. We need to be reminded to "See America First" before worrying about investing our capital abroad, and shipping credit and goods to foreign markets. For centuries to come all our capital can find profitable work in America.

Hundreds of miles of new railways need to be constructed, and other hundreds of miles need to be rebuilt. "There are deserts to be watered, swamps to be drained, mountains to be moved, rivers to be harnessed to wheels. . . . Nowhere in the world may time, capital and human effort be more profitably employed. . . ."

We have had too little propaganda behind this idea and too much behind the pleadings of Europe. Whether or not we prosper abroad, we can still prosper at home!

Congress Adjourns

AT noon on Sunday, March 5th, there came to an end the Sixty-seventh Congress of these United States. It had transacted a terrific volume of business, had sat through four sessions instead of the usual two, thus establishing a record, and yet for days before its conclusion it was almost continuously in session. The final adjournment came after its members had been in their chairs for twenty-four hours.

It is estimated that during its two-year term about 15,000 bills were proposed in the Lower House, and 5,000 in the Upper, a total of around 20,000. Of these totals about six hundred bills were passed and promulgated, and nearly a hundred resolutions were approved and adopted.

Among the six hundred the major measures were: the emergency and permanent tariff bills, the budget law, the internal tax reduction act, the agricultural relief acts, the immigration act, and the British debt refunding act.

Among the hundred resolutions two stand out: the declaration of peace with Germany, and the resolution directing President Harding to seek an international agreement to eliminate the traffic in narcotics.

There is much on the credit side. Gloomy predictions to the contrary notwithstanding, the Republican protective tariff has not ruined the country, is producing immense customs revenues, and has stimulated industry in the protected departments, thus assisting in the banishing of the 1920 depression. The budget law is an unmixed blessing. Most of the country heartily approves of tax reductions, the laws for the relief and assistance of agriculture, the immigration restriction act, the legislative consent to the British debt funding plan. Similarly everyone indorsed the conclusion

of peace with Germany, an actual state of peace having already existed for several years, though certain sections disapproved of the separate treaty of August 25, 1921, which was substituted for the Treaty of Versailles. And the attempt to check the habit-forming drug trade is a distinct step in the right direction.

On the other hand there is a debit side to the balance sheet of the Sixty-seventh Congress. The legislative veto of the President had to be employed to prevent their saddling the tax-payers with a five-billion-dollar soldiers' bonus bill. They buried Henry Ford's Muscle Shoals offer in committee. They failed to prepare constitutional amendments for the revision of Child Labor laws. And they dodged consideration of American membership in the Permanent Court of International Justice.

It can thus be said that they have left a number of things to be attended to by the Sixty-eighth Congress.

They spent more money than any peace-time Congress ever spent, yet the deficit of nearly a billion dollars inherited from the previous



"THE BEST NEWS I'VE READ IN WEEKS"
—Marcus in New York Times.



NOW THAT EVERYBODY IS ON AN EQUAL FOOTING

—McCarthy in *New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

administration has been cut down to about fifteen millions, according to present estimates. Their worst appropriation bill, that for Rivers and Harbors Improvement, whose total was raised from twenty-eight millions, the sum set as the top limit by the Budget Director, to fifty-six millions of dollars, may not prove as bad as it sounds. It is a pork barrel bill, undoubtedly, designed to pay political debts out of the public treasury, but fortunately the objects for which it is to be spent are not prescribed in detail, being merely covered by the provision that these moneys are:

"To be immediately available and to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War and the supervision of the Chief of Engineers."

Thus President Harding has not been committed to a program of chucking \$28,000,000 of the people's money to the political hounds. Through the Secretary of War he may economize on this expenditure as much as he likes, and through the Chief of Engineers he may see that what money is spent, is spent for good purposes.

The most striking thing about the

Sixty-seventh Congress and the thing which has aroused most public interest, is the great number of veteran politicians who ended their careers in it, either voluntarily or because of the popular dissatisfaction evinced at the polls last fall.

Uncle Joe Cannon is out at last, and a little sorry, but not so sorry as the country at large to lose this picturesque figure who has broken all records with forty years of service in the House of Representatives. He declares, however, that it is time to make way for a younger man, and his retirement was wholly voluntary.

Andrew J. Volstead goes. Frank W. Mondell goes. John Sharp Williams, an aged Democratic celebrity, with thirty years in the House to his credit, steps down. Gilbert M. Hitchcock is out, and Atlee Pomerene, and Porter J. McCumber; also Poindexter, Frelinghuysen, Calder, Sutherland, France, Myers, Williams and Page.

The Capitol will scarcely recognize itself next December. "Gone the old familiar faces"—most of them. And what a stern and savage struggle will ensue when the Sixty-eighth Congress eventually marshals its embattled ranks.

In the House the Republicans will have a majority of eighteen, as against 168 in the last House. In the Senate the Republicans will have 53, the Democrats 43, and there will be one independent. The nine months recess will not be too long for the preliminary maneuvers, secret arrangements and coalescing of rival blocs, which will be necessary if complete deadlock is not to be the outcome.

Those who enjoy trench warfare may be gleeful over the prospect for 1924-5. It is going to be a hard winter for President Harding, to judge by the present outlook. Our best wishes go with him for a renewal of health and strength on his present well-earned vacation.

Root Out the Opium Poppy

AMERICA is in danger of becoming a nation of dopesters. If this assertion seems too sensational, remember that we are the world's principal consumer of opium and its derivatives.

In the popular conception China has been considered the homeland of the opium user. It is startling, therefore, to learn that the United States is the heaviest consumer in the world of opium in its various forms. Seventeen times as much dope is used here per capita as in China.

Dr. Alexander Lambert states, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, that twelve to seventy-two times as much opium is consumed in the United States, per capita, as in any other white country. "We use," he says, "an amount sufficient to supply thirty-six doses per annum to every man, woman and child in the country."

Under the ægis of the League of Nations a great crusade to root out the opium poppy is under way. To that movement our contribution has so far been most unsatisfactory, though America's need is more acute than any other land for the elimination of the drug traffic.

Judge Cornelius F. Collins, of General Sessions Court, estimates that in New York State alone there are fifty thousand addicts. Other authorities claim that more than a million of these drug victims live under the American flag. But that is not all. This army of wretched unfortunates is growing steadily.

The underworld recruits most of its drug victims at a tender age. The average age of all the dopesters arrested in New York during the first six months of 1922 was just above 23 years.

Charity is seldom called upon to care for the children of these un-



EVEN THE CHILDREN

—McCay in *New York American*.

fortunate for the reason that opium destroys the sex energy of the man or woman who uses it and its victims are reduced to sterility before they are old enough to marry.

This illicit drug trade is carried on almost entirely by smugglers. They get their supplies from Germany, Switzerland and Japan by way of Montreal, Canada, Mexico, the Gulf ports, New York and Seattle.

Dope reaches the American underworld through many channels, but its distribution is virtually a Jewish-Italian monopoly. No penalties will serve to deter these human vultures from engaging in this awful business, because of the enormous profits. Arrests seem futile, for as soon as one dope peddler is locked up, his successor takes over his stand along with his customers. America has most stringent Federal laws (the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act is the best of its kind in the world), enforced efficiently by a host of trained officials, but experience shows that the opium traffic cannot be "regulated"; it must be eliminated.

So long as the world produces five hundred times its legitimate requirements, illicit trade in opium and its derivatives will flourish!

British India, China, Persia and Turkey grow the poppies. Japan, Germany and, since the war, Switzerland, manufacture the deadly opium derivatives, morphine and heroin. Smugglers, street-corner peddlers and disreputable doctors distribute the manufactured product to the ultimate consumers, at prices which depend entirely upon the income of the victims.

For legitimate medical use it is estimated that the world may perhaps need three and one-half tons of opium and its derivatives per year. Many eminent physicians and surgeons, however, maintain that we do not need any at all.

Dr. John Dill Robertson declares, in a letter to *CURRENT OPINION*, that for ten years he has used no opium nor opium derivatives in any operation, nor during the past four years has he used opium in the treatment of the thousand patients in the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium of Chicago, and the forty thousand patients cared for in the dispensaries. "It has required much more work to get along without opium, but the extra work has been well worth while. During the last

four years there has been an improvement in the condition of patients, and a drop in the death rate at the institution that I can attribute to nothing except the discontinuance of the use of opium. . . . I believe the opium poppy should be rooted out of British India and all other places where it is now grown, and that all the seed in existence should be destroyed."

Many conservative medical men, finding it much easier to do their work with opium, will be reluctant to agree with Dr. Robertson, but it is not necessary to hold his views to be appalled by the contrast between the three and one-half tons for which there may be a medical need and the fifteen hundred tons which are actually produced and consumed each year throughout the world.

The bulk of it comes from British India, where the Imperial Indian Government subsidizes the poppy planting, lends money to the growers without interest, supplies them with good seeds and labor, if necessary, and assists in the irrigation of poppy lands. The opium grown is collected by government agents, stored in warehouses, and sold in the open market in Bombay, Calcutta and other centers.

From these sales the Imperial Indian Government obtains one-fifth of its total revenue!

The British justify their subsidies and other assistance on the ground that thus only can the business be regulated and controlled. They also claim that Persia and Turkey would do what they are doing, if they abolished the traffic. And they say that millions of peasants who have become habituated to this sort of farming during four or five generations would starve without it unless supplied with food by an Indian government, one-fifth of whose revenues would have been blotted out!

Seldom, if ever, has "man's inhu-



THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST "PART"
JONATHAN: "Stout fellow! Wish there were more like you."
JOHN BULL: "So do I."
—London Punch.

manity to man" been carried to such hideous lengths as in the deliberate enslavement to narcotics of our fellow creatures; but to break the world of the opium habit the guilty consciences of half a dozen nations must be aroused.

This the League of Nations is trying to do, but thus far has had little cooperation from Washington. For over a year the drug commission of the League of Nations endeavored to obtain, from our State Department, the American government's figures relative to the drug traffic. Their questionnaires remained unanswered, so fearful is the present Administration of being entangled with the League. This timorous behavior is excused on the ground that we are already parties of The Hague Convention of 1912, notwithstanding the fact that all The Hague machinery, for the regulation of the sale of narcotics, was taken over by the League of Nations under Article XXIV of the Covenant.

Eventually the League commission was able to get the desired information from the world's greatest consumer of opium and its derivatives by sending its questionnaire through the Dutch government. The letter, bearing The Hague post-mark, was given the courtesy of a prompt reply and was immediately relayed by the Netherlands government to Geneva.

One of the last acts of the 67th Congress was the passing of a resolution directing the State Department to approach the other nations of the world for the negotiation of treaties regulating the drug traffic. This resolution was signed by President Harding on Friday, March 2d. But when Secretary Hughes approaches the other foreign offices he is certain to be referred to Geneva, since all the nations, whose collaboration we must have, are carrying on the work through the League of Nations, and they are by treaty bound to do so.

Keep America "White"!

A YEAR or two ago the United States became alarmed at last about the flood of cheap, low-grade stocks which were displacing the native Anglo-Saxon strains in all branches of industry, and put the first immigration quota law on the statute books. This temporary measure—it has a year to run from June, 1923—restricted the annual influx from any given nation to three per cent. of the number which, according to the 1910 census, they already had domiciled in America.

Though successful in shutting off a large part of the turgid stream of undesirable and unassimilable human "offscourings" from southern and eastern Europe, this measure did not go far enough. The conviction is growing that if the tall, big-boned, blue-eyed, old-fashioned "white" American is not to be bred out entirely by little dark peoples Uncle Sam must not simply continue the temporary quota law in operation, but must make its provisions more stringent.

Before the last session of Congress ended a bill was brought forward which would permanently limit annual immigration to two



ONE TOE IN
—Kirby in New York World.



TRY THIS ON YOUR PHUNNYGRAPH
—Reid for Bell Syndicate.

per cent. of those domiciled in America according to the census of 1890—with various exceptions which are discussed later.

The general effect of the new measure would be to cut down the total immigration from 350,000 to about 185,000, reduce the quotas of Italians, Greeks, Turks, Bulgars, Poles, and other eastern and southern Europeans to a minimum, and increase the quotas of those North European stocks—British, Dutch, Scandinavians and Germans—which experience proves run together and amalgamate in the "white" American type.

Great Britain and Ireland, at present allowed seventy-seven thousand, would still be allowed over sixty thousand. Germany would go down only from sixty-seven to about fifty thousand. Proportionate decreases would affect Switzerland, France, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. On the other hand, Russian immigrants would be reduced from twenty-one thousand to two thousand, Greeks from three thousand to 47 persons, Hungarians from five thousand to 474, Italians from forty-two thousand to about four thousand, Roumanians from seventy-five hundred to six hundred,

and Turks from twenty-five hundred to 129.

It is further proposed to examine these immigrants, not at Ellis Island, but at the American consulates in their home countries. Those whose physique, character and mentality give promise, upon rigid examination, that they would become first-class American citizens, would be certificated for admission. Our immigration could thus be controlled at the source. Also many poor people who sacrifice everything to make the journey to America would be saved from deportation and other hardships. Finally matters would be simplified for the steamship companies, whose vessels now race for port at the end of each month in the scramble to discharge their passengers before the quotas are used up.

At the hearings on the proposed measure opposition was voiced by large employers of unskilled labor, especially the steel interests. They alleged that a shortage of "pick and shovel" workers already exists, and that additional restriction would still further hamper American "progress," meaning their operations. Faced by a very determined body of restrictionists they urged as a compromise that contract labor be admitted for their special industries. The suggestion, savoring as it does of slave-gangs and indentured coolies, is calculated, if put into practice, to "revolt the conscience of our free people," as Senator King said.

Steel men and other great employers of labor threaten the country with economic chaos, but the advocates of a "white" America will probably have their way in the next Congress.

The problem is a very serious one—in fact the most serious which confronts us. Four or five years ago, before we had become sufficiently alarmed to do anything about the dumping of Europe's

human refuse at our doors, that remarkably clear-thinking divine, Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London, saw and analyzed our perilous situation. In "The Birth Rate," one of the first volume of his "Out-spoken Essays," the following passage occurs:

The American is becoming nervous about the numbers of the negro; he has more reason to be nervous about the fecundity of the Slav and South Italian immigrant. Everywhere the tendency is for the superior stock to dwindle till it becomes a small aristocracy. The Americans of British descent are threatened with this fate. Pride and a high standard of living are not biological virtues. The man who needs and spends little is the ultimate inheritor of the earth. I know of no instance in history in which a ruling race has not ultimately been ousted or absorbed by its subjects. Complete extermination or expropriation is the only successful method of conquest. The Anglo-Saxon race has thus established itself in the greater part of Britain and in Australasia. In North America it has destroyed the Indian hunter, who could not be used for industrial purposes; but the temptation to exploit the negro and the cheaper European races was too strong to be resisted, and Nature's heaviest penalty is now being exacted against the descendants of our sturdy colonists. We did not lose America in the eighteenth century; we are losing it now.

America is not going to be lost without a struggle, one striking phase of which is the new and drastic immigration measure. Specifically this measure would exclude all Japanese, Chinese and Hindus, except students, teachers, persons returning from visits to the homeland, and mothers or wives of those already here. The forty-four other nationalities represented in our population would be entitled to send four hundred immigrants per year



THEY CERTAINLY CARRY OUT THE PRESIDENT'S PLANS

—Armstrong in *Tacoma News-Tribune*.

in addition to their "2-per-cent.-of-the-1890-census" quotas. Further, liberal provision for the admittance of the relatives of aliens who have taken out citizenship papers is made.

□ □

The League of American Nations

A VERY important conference is opening on March 25th in Santiago, Chile. It is the Pan-American Conference, attended by all the nations of the hemisphere except Canada, which was not invited because not regarded as a completely "sovereign" state, and Mexico, which refused to attend because its government is unrecognized by us.

Despite our preponderant wealth and strength we shall meet there on equal terms with the representatives of twenty large and small republics. They are there to secure uniformity in customs regulations, shipping and insurance documentation, nomenclature, merchandise classification and the interpretation of mari-

time law. They are there to improve methods of communication by railway and automobile between the republics, to regulate the parcels post, tariffs, commercial aviation, radio wave-lengths and hours for sending various sorts of messages.

But over and above all these they are there to establish an American association of nations on the pattern of the League of Nations. Whether or not the United States sees fit to join with them in this project, it is very likely that some sort of League of American Nations will be launched.

In 1823 when President Monroe proclaimed his famous doctrine Dom Pedro I., the Emperor of Brazil, wrote a letter of enthusiastic praise and thanks, and pledged Brazil's hearty cooperation in the enforcement of the doctrine and its defense against all comers. Secretary of State John Quincy Adams replied curtly that we were much obliged, but required no assistance from anybody in our self-appointed guardianship.

At the moment that letter was received the United States became "the bully of the western hemisphere"—and has remained so ever since, in the eyes of Latin America.

They admit that we have protect-

ed Argentina against England, and Mexico against France, and Brazil against Germany, but they feel that we have done it for our own benefit and with a view single to our own future aggrandizement. They point out that while we have prevented European nations from occupying territory in South and Central America, we have taken Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Hayti, Porto Rico and Panama. If we reply that we freed Cuba, they laugh derisively at Cuban independence. "Cuban independence" has become a phrase defining the limited sovereignty which is granted to a colony under a viceroy (Ambassador Crowder in this case), who controls taxes, tariffs, and to a large extent government expenditures. If we contend that we have put a stop to the perpetual wars, civil and revolutionary, which have kept Central America in a turmoil, they reply bitterly that it was only to extend the system of "Cuban independence" to those small nations in the interests of American shipping, fruit-growing, lumber-cutting, gold- and oil-prospecting and banking.

We have, in other words, much to live down.

It is not remarkable that we have been threatened from time to time with the formation of a coalition of South American states pledged to resist our aggressions, and that, if we refuse membership, on their terms, in an all-American League, every member of which guarantees equally with ourselves to carry out an international Monroe doctrine, that coalition against us can by no means be prevented.

At such a stage of affairs the "Giant of the North" needs all his diplomacy. He has done well to send a most distinguished delegation to Santiago, headed by a former Under Secretary of State and present Ambassador to Belgium, Henry T. Fletcher, who has had a long diplomatic experience in dealing with



THE WORLD'S POLICEMAN

POLICEMAN: "Hi! I've got to arrest you."

JOHNNY TURK: "All right—get on with it."

—Whitelaw in *John Bull*.

Latin-American countries. Our delegation also includes Senators Kellogg and Pomerene, George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation (who plans for progress in the eradication of South American centers of yellow fever and leprosy), and Dr. L. S. Rowe, director of the Pan-American Union.

They are meeting a group of enlightened statesmen, representing well-established governments of nations whose power has been growing by leaps and bounds. And these statesmen have a program for the United States which may be summed up in a sentence: "A Monroe doctrine, yes, but enforced jointly by all American nations, and no longer the private property of a benevolent despot!"

□ □

Two Years of Harding

ON March 5th two years of Mr. Harding came to a close, and the press of the country burst into appraisals. The Republicans defended him; the Democrats disparaged him; the independents are appraising him by balancing partisan assertions against one another and "splitting the difference."

It seems the only method of arriving at even a semblance of justice in this fallible world.

The Democrats bitterly complain of Mr. Harding's amiability. His friends work him for favors, and secure appointments to which their qualifications do not entitle them. Congress has been allowed to drift aimlessly from one thing to another without a firm hand to hold the reins and a strong hand to crack the whip over their dilatory heads. The weak and easy-going Mr. Harding has been a doormat, "welcoming" persons in the act of wiping their feet on him. Moreover, he is dominated by wicked Cabinet officers, especially Hoover and Hughes, who would embroil us in foreign trade and for-



BEING A "LAME DUCK" ISN'T SO BAD
AFTER ALL

—Armstrong in *Tacoma News-Tribune*.

ign wars unsanctified by the rejected League of Nations. Too meek and mild is the President, too genial and friendly to hold so great an office.

The exasperation of the Democrats, the Republicans explain, is due to inability to find anything definite to object to in the President. He is not an intellectual giant, nor a superb rhetorician, nor a wielder of the "Big Stick" over the heads of Congress; he is simply an upstanding average citizen, of irreproachable personal life, pledged to do away with the Presidential despotism of which the country had such an overdose during wartime.

The people were tired of intellectual giants in the White House. They had had eight years in which to weary of Roosevelt's "Big Stick," and eight years more in which to sicken of Wilson's equally insistent driving of Congress, and they wanted to do away with one-man government. Our Cæsars were grown too great. We wanted them diminished. The legislative branch needed an opportunity to do its share of governing.

Partizanship apart, there can be



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS
Here, Gretchen! Our "friends" enemies are
our friends.
—Zephyr in *Le Rire* (Paris).

no question that Warren Gamaliel Harding answers to the specifications of 1920. We demanded this man and we got him. Popular favor is fickle. The time has perhaps come when we will desire something different. That, however, is not a reason for blaming the man of our choice.

As William Allen White says, we are missing a great deal by refusing to regard Mr. Harding as "Warren," or preferably "old Warren," of the ready smile, the warm handclasp, proprietor of the Marion, Ohio, *Star* and booster for his town, his state and his nation. We are depriving him of the things he likes best in the world—neighborliness, an affectionate and helpful closeness to his fellows. He is one of our "bunch" if we would only permit him to be. He is "a joiner—Elk, Mason, Rotarian, Chamber of Commerce Director, Member of the Ad. Club, the Retailers' Association, Director of the County Fair, Country Club, Provident Association of the Red Cross, Chairman of the Community Chest Drive, delegate to the State Convention of anything—in short, 'Warren.'"

His vice, if you can call it a vice, is an "addiction to teamwork." He does not enjoy acting alone, but if the bunch are doing anything, or

can be induced to go along too (and herein is implicit the very capstone and key principle of Democracy), he will be with us every time, working every minute, thinking every minute, shoulder to the wheel with the rest.

Within his own party certain faint notes of revolt have been heard, and vague hints that he will be set aside at the next Republican Convention. Yet there is no question but, his health permitting, he will be renominated.

Whether he has really brought about the present mild boom, or has merely chanced to be in office while economic conditions have slowly worked us out of the depression of 1920 into the relatively roseate state of 1923, is beside the mark. The point is that several million men were out of work when Harding took office, and none are out of work now. The point is that Liberty Bonds rose under Harding from 86 to par and above. A relation of cause and effect is impossible of demonstration, yet the mere reminder of these paralleling circumstances will suffice to win multitudes of votes. In the main, Americans reason as did the celebrated Bryanite: "I voted for Bryan in 1896, in 1900, in 1904 and ever since, and haven't we had good times mostly?"

Also, the reminder that taxation has been reduced, business stimulated by protective tariffs, debts paid off, bonds retired, deficits eliminated and treaties negotiated, will add a heavy weight of unquestionable achievement.

Lord Salisbury, misquoted in the press as having said that government muddles too much in business, when he had actually said government meddles too much in business, declared that government meddling is synonymous with muddling.

President Harding has remembered this. His aim has been a fine one: "Less government in business; more business in government!"

A Franco-German Steel Trust

THE one hope of peace in the Ruhr is to-day a Franco-German coal and iron combine. The entire basin of the Rhine should be treated as one economic and geological unit. The coal, the coke, the lignite, the iron, the potash, whether under French or under German sovereignty, should be consolidated in one comprehensive industry, the products of which would be available for Europe as a whole. What has been an eternal bone of contention should be transformed into a partnership and guarantee of peace. The world would then breathe freely again.

Of course, there would continue to be separate companies and associations of capital. But the big German industrialists like Thyssen and Stinnes would have an understanding with the big French industrialists like Schneider, de Lubersac and de Wendel of the Lorraine steel plants. They would work together for that maximum production which is what Europe needs—which, too, would be of equal benefit to France and Germany themselves. Of such a capitalist peace, Labor would be suspicious, but even this would not be wholly an evil if it brought the French and German wage-earners to realize their common interests.

The trouble at the moment is that the statesmen on both sides of the Rhine are more nationalist and tribal than the industrialists. This is the reason why day by day and in every way the situation on the Ruhr is growing more serious. France is opposed to intervention, whether from the United States or Great Britain or both countries acting together. She is determined to negotiate her own agreement with Germany direct—not the commercial agreement above outlined, but a political instrument only.

In the United States, the direct financial interests are divided. American investors have money locked up, both in French bonds and in German marks. Most American newspapers are like Lord Derby, the British Minister of War, who says that his heart is with France while his head is on the other side of the Rhine. Unofficial appeals have been received from Great Britain urging intervention by the United States. Such intervention would be, however, unwelcome to France, and the Administration has limited itself, therefore, to giving a private and unofficial hint at Paris that this country would be "interested" if France took action hostile to her debtor, Great Britain, which might interfere with payments to Washington.

In Britain itself the tide is running more strongly every day against the occupation of the Ruhr. The Northcliffe press, now controlled by Lord Rothermere, is strongly pro-French, and this fact has influenced sentiment, especially in London, where the German is not beloved. But in a series of three sensational elections, Ministers have



EUROPE'S FUTURE INDUSTRIAL COLOSSUS (?)
—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.

been defeated and forced to resign, the majorities being in each case won by Liberals or Labor men, who are united against French policy. So violently has the pendulum swung that in the latest debate Bonar Law was driven to point out the gravity of any attempt to enforce the British views on her former Ally. The question is thus no longer whether Britain will support France against Germany, but to what extent she might support Germany against France.

In Germany, Chancellor Cuno resolutely opposes any negotiations with France while the Ruhr is occupied. His attitude is less yielding than that of the industrialists. One ominous symptom is an order against espionage issued by President Ebert. This order means that Germany will allow no supervision of her hitherto dormant military machine. Under surveillance, she has disarmed, but the surveillance is now at an end. The Inter-Ally Commission which supervised Germany's demilitarization has ceased to operate. Under the surface, anything in the way of preparedness for war may be proceeding.

One serious question is whether Russia will support Germany against France. Of the Russian

army, there are various reports. Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, German Ambassador at Moscow, wrote on the subject to Berlin in doubtful terms. The Red troops are numerous and well fed, but they are not fully equipped, nor are there means of communication available for an advance eastwards. Still, the Soviets are desirous of explaining to France that their military forces are not a negligible item. Moscow significantly invited France to send Marshal Joffre to attend a review and see things for himself.

□ □

Will Mrs. Kemal Succeed?

GHAZI MUSTAPHA KEMAL, hailed throughout the world as the George Washington of the Near East, has now to face the test which hitherto has proved too much for every Turkish statesman. As soldier, as patriot, he has triumphed; but as a reformer he is fighting for his political life what looks like a losing battle against the obstinate and changeless prejudices of the Ottoman. Against the Greeks, it was easy for him to inflame both the pashas of Asia Minor and the peasants, but it is a very different task to arouse their enthusiasm for the very western institutions which they have been attacking. Why struggle against the Christian if the habits and customs of the Christian, and especially respect for women, must be adopted?

By the standards of Islam, Kemal is an iconoclast and a heretic. Not only has he deposed the Sultan, but he has failed to replace him, and the shock to the Moslem world may be compared with what would be the emotions of devout Catholics if there were to be a sudden abolition of the Vatican. The deposed Sultan is at Mecca, and the whole force of Arab propaganda is now turned against Kemal.



CAN'T THEY LET THIS RIP VAN WINKLE SLEEP FOR TWENTY YEARS?
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

Mustapha has married a young wife, but not in Turkish fashion. He has no harem. Madame has no rival under his roof. She dresses as European ladies dress. She receives visitors of both sexes. Unveiled, she accompanies her husband to parades and to military reviews. For American correspondents, she pours out tea and she shows her wedding ring, bought in Switzerland. She is intellectual but she is also young and pretty, and, except as propaganda for that scribe and sculptress, Clare Sheridan, her modern ways are scandalous. Clare Sheridan is, of course, entranced. "Turkey," she declares, "is my spiritual home. The attitude of the Turk towards women is so wonderful. In no other race have the men such finesse"—which sounds splendid in New York!

But the Armenians who have experience of Turkish finesse and the Turks themselves doubtless smile. When the League of Nations and the Lausanne Conference sought to emancipate Christian women living under Turkish "finesse," Kemal's comrades held up their hands in horror at such indelicacy. In the villages, women have to be unveiled because they are set to do the men's work in the fields. But in the cities, even Kemal recommends for other wives than his own what he calls "a moderate seclusion," adding, however, that the veil is not Turkish but Persian and therefore foreign.

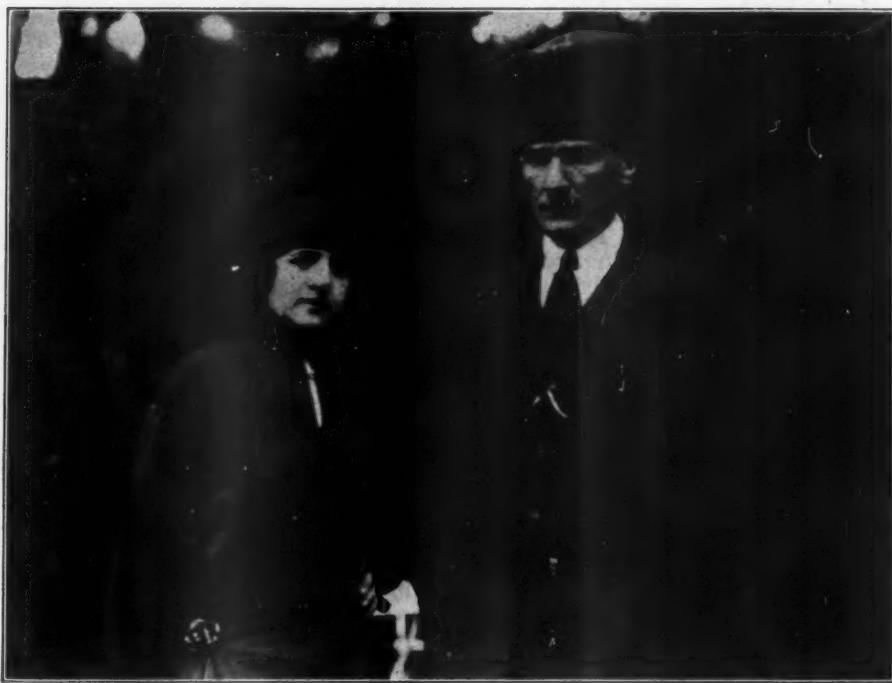
Madame Kemal is nineteen years old. Her maiden name is Latifeh Hanoum, and her father, Moharom Uchaki Bey, a wealthy merchant in Smyrna, has seen New York. Latifeh herself was educated by an English governess and at Tudor Hall School, Chiselhurst, near London. In Smyrna she was placed by the Greeks under surveillance as a spy. She brings her husband a dowry of 1,000,000 Turkish lire or 650,000 dollars gold.

The whole of her culture is thus due, not to Turkey but to Europe. She is a younger edition of Halidé Hanoum, the novelist and "Turkish Joan of Arc," who was a graduate of Robert College, Constantinople, before she became a Kemalist politician. Even Halidé thus owes to the Christian missionary the enlightenment which she is seeking to introduce into Islam.

A westernized woman may greatly influence the still ignorant East. Lady Hester Stanhope, niece of William Pitt, the British Prime Minister, virtually ruled the Arabs in Trans-Jordania and rests in a tomb which is revered as a shrine. Lady Ellenborough, a divorcée, who was married by Moslem rites to the Sheikh Medjed el Magrab, was another ruler in Islam, and her tomb, near Damascus, is a place of pilgrimage. But these women were more conservative than the Moslems themselves. It was their zeal for Islam, coupled with their western ability, which explains their pres-



FALSE FACES
—Fox in Rochester Democrat and Chronicle



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MUSTAPHA KEMAL AND HIS BRIDE, WHO DEFIES THE TURKISH CUSTOM BY GOING UNVEILED

As a result of his "scandalous tolerance" his leadership in the National Assembly at Angora is threatened. Mrs. Kemal brought him a dowry of \$650,000.

tige. In Mesopotamia to-day, Miss Gertrude Lowthean Bell, daughter of a British iron master, is continuing this tradition.

Kemal has declared for pictures and sculpture—an error for which the Prophet would have sentenced him to eternal punishment. Doubtless he is right in thinking that, with the collapse of idolatry in Ottoman regions, the ban laid upon art by the Second Commandment might be lifted. But in governing India, the British would not dream of complicating their problem by raising any such issue. For what is the situation at Angora? There is now a strong opposition to Kemal. No longer is he dictator. He has against him Kiazim Karab Ekir, who has rallied the former Young Turk Party, and accuses Kemal of violating the prerogatives of the

Sultan. It is Kiazim who leads the National Assembly and prevents the acceptance of any treaty with the Allies. Failing such a treaty, Kemal would like to return to the historic alliance with the British which lasted through most of the nineteenth century. But Kiazim hopes for the old pro-German policy of the dead Enver. He would join with Germany and Russia in driving the French out of Syria and the British out of Mesopotamia and Palestine. He would plunge Turkey into the morass of her former reaction.

The last news, as we go to press, is that the extremists have won their way in the National Assembly at Angora. The Treaty of Lausanne has been rejected with as much contempt as Kemal himself rejected the Treaty of Sèvres.

Americanism on Trial at Memel

WHAT is Memel but an obscure seaport on the distant Baltic? And why should Americans on the Mississippi give another thought to such a topic?

The reason is that in Memel the very essence of Americanism is at stake. What happens to Memel and to half a dozen seaports in Europe which resemble Memel—for instance, Danzig and Fiume—will decide whether Europe adopts or rejects the American plan. Understand the case of Memel and you will know why the old world fails to keep pace with the new world in all material affairs; why, for instance, opera flourishes in New York but fails in London; why French tapestries adorn the home of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and castles are shipped, stone by stone, from Britain to the Middle West.

There are two ways of organizing this world. The first is in large areas, inclusive of many races. That is the American plan, the Indian plan, the Chinese plan and—be it not forgotten—the Russian plan. It means that each race has to merge something of its independence—it may even be its language—in a common whole. But it also means that commodities can be produced, exchanged, transported, consumed on a large scale.

In Europe, they have the opposite to the American plan. That continent is organized, not in one unit with many races, but in many units with one race. It means manufacture and commerce on the small scale. It means an interrupted exchange of commodities.

See how this works out at Memel. In the United States, this port would be open, like Boston or Seattle, to any trade that comes to it from any quarter. But in Europe,

they treat Memel in a wholly different manner.

First, they say—the people in Memel are German. Yes—but they have to add that the people all round Memel are Lithuanian. And if the Germans in Memel are to do any trade at all, it must be in Lithuanian goods and lumber. Hence, the first proposal for Memel was that it should be neither German nor Lithuanian, but a little country all by itself, with 200 French soldiers in it to keep order!

Naturally, Memel languished. And the next plan was to hand the place, not to Germany, which country is in disgrace, nor to Lithuania, which is too friendly with Russia, where the Soviets are in disgrace, but to Poland, which happens at the moment to be an Ally. The mere fact that Danzig and not Memel is the port for Poland, and that without Memel Lithuania would have no port at all, did not seem to matter, except to the weeds that sprang up on Memel's unused wharves.

Then something happened on the Ruhr and France was fully engaged in that region. Promptly, 8,000 "iron wolves" from Lithuania seized Memel. The League of Nations and the Allies were much flustered. But as Russia was supporting Lithuania, nothing could be done. It had to be agreed that even Memel was intended for use, not ornament.

Over Danzig, there is much the same trouble. This seaport also is German, but its trade is with Poland and it has to be, therefore, a free city.

On the Adriatic, Fiume has suffered in a similar way. Fiume is the Liverpool of Jugo-Slavia. But half the people there are Italian.

The lesson to be derived from all this is that you cannot divide up land and seabords and rivers and cities by races. The only way to live on this planet is to live as a family, engaged in the common task of making the planet a decent home.

Listening In

LEARN the secret of the little firefly and you have made the greatest engineering discovery of history. How the firefly throws his light on and off has always baffled scientists.—*Charles P. Steinmetz, consulting engineer, General Electric Co.*

IF every American owner of a Turkish or an Oriental rug will remember that this thing of beauty is the work of the hands of our women, perhaps he will change his mind about our status as poor, inferior creatures.

—*Mufide Hanum, wife of Ferid Bey, Turkish representative at Paris, and first woman lecturer to be sent out by Turkey.*

SOME little time since, I was sounded as to whether I would, if invited, accept service in the Senate of the Irish Free State. I replied that I would consider it if the seat of the Irish Government were transferred to London.—*George Bernard Shaw, Irish playwright.*

IF every man who owed his literary inspiration to Poe was to contribute a tithe of his profits therefrom, Poe would have a monument greater than the pyramids, and I for one would be among the builders.—*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, spiritualist and writer of detective fiction.*

ARICH man in America pays 60 cents on the dollar in taxes. I would be much better off to retire from industry and put my money in tax-exempt securities.—*Charles H. Schwab, steel magnate.*

ESAU came in from hunting with a hunter's appetite; and the smell of the cooking was too much for him, as Jacob had expected. So when he asked for food

he found he had to pay his birthright for it. This privilege seemed to him an empty honor in comparison with eating; and like many other men, he sacrificed the future for an immediate and material good. The author of the letter to the Hebrews condemned Esau for selling his birthright; but from our point of view Jacob is more to be condemned for buying it. He was the first and one of the most contemptible in the long list of food profiteers.—*Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University.*

FARM life need no longer be isolated or monotonous. Farmers should and can live in villages—not on their farms. If farmers will get rid of their horses, cattle and sheep there is no reason why they should live on the land they till. Any farmer who is doing his farming in the right way can afford an automobile; and with a car, what difference does it make even if his home is twenty miles from his farm? A spin of twenty miles is only a pleasant beginning and a pleasant ending to a day's work. . . .

The business of producing what food we need is a simple process, and practiced as it should be and soon will be, it will fall in rank to one of our minor occupations. The time will come when nobody need spend more than two per cent. of his time producing the food, shelter and clothing with which to maintain himself.—*Henry Ford.*

pense.—*U. S. Senator James Couzens.*

CITY skylines and waterfronts and factories, once considered crude and ugly, will take the place of spires and cathedrals in the truly American literature which is to come. Writers have a big job in the development of this new beauty.—*Mary Heaten Vorse, poet and novelist.*

IT has often been said that the man who could find the cure for tuberculosis or who could discover the cause and cure of cancer would become a millionaire. On the contrary, it is more likely that he would die in the workhouse. We throw our geniuses on the dust-heap.—*Colonel Sir Ronald Ross.*

HE AIMED FOR THE SENATE, BUT LANDED IN THE SUPREME COURT

THE ascendancy of Edward Terry Sanford to the United States Supreme Court brings to that bench a man who is an interesting product of a Northern family settled in the South. His father, Edward J. Sanford, was born in Connecticut, but went to Knoxville, Tennessee, when a young man with his fortune to make and with no capital other than ambition, industry and his skill as a carpenter. He demonstrated his capacity in the latter respect by amassing a fortune in the lumber business.

To his son, the new Supreme Court Justice, the people of East Tennessee have for the better part of two generations pointed respectfully, despite the fact that he was rocked in a Republican cradle and has remained steadfast in that political faith. The harshest criticism that has crept into print about Justice Sanford is that if the best-informed Knoxvillians were asked to appraise his capability and character to a stranger "they would probably think of Elihu Root, Chief Justice Taft and Chauncey Depew, and not consider themselves immodest. And if they were to make a Democratic comparison they would think of Woodrow Wilson." And if scholarly attainments alone were considered "they would not hesitate to step over into Massachusetts and call the name of Henry Cabot Lodge." From this it may be inferred that the new Supreme Court arbiter occupies a unique position in the eyes of Tennessee.

Judge Sanford, says a New York *World* biographer, was a strong advocate of the League of Nations idea as fostered by Woodrow Wilson. He made several public addresses in advocacy of the League, but silenced his convictions when his party and its new leaders took a stand against it.

Sanford and Chief Justice Taft are warm personal friends and it is believed that the influence of the latter

was a potent factor in causing the President to present the name of the Tennessee jurist to the Senate.

His manner is described as easy and graceful, and his personality pleasing. On the bench he is firm but kindly and merciful to the point of leniency. An instance is cited of a poor mountain boy being on trial before the then United States District Judge (Sanford) for Eastern and Middle Tennessee, charged with moonshining. An attorney, who appeared to represent him, conferred with the District Attorney and then, without consulting his client, arose and said:

"Your Honor, we have decided to submit and plead for the mercy of the court."

The prisoner thereupon was ordered by the court to stand up to receive his sentence. Judge Sanford explained to the unfortunate the nature of the charge.

"I am not guilty of that," the boy declared.

"How is that?" queried the Judge.

"I am not guilty of that," the boy repeated.

"How is this, Mr. Blank, your client says he is not guilty, yet you are offering to plead guilty?"

"Your Honor, he is ignorant and doesn't understand," the lawyer replied.

"That doesn't make any difference. Ignorant or not, he says he is not guilty, and I am not going to sentence any man who says he is not guilty without giving him a trial." The lad was given an immediate trial and the jury found him not guilty.

In habit of thought and speech the successor to former Justice Pitney would probably be classed as a conservative, though not a reactionary. On the contrary, his tendencies are said to be progressive. If he were asked his opinion as to his greatest usefulness and helpfulness since he car-

ried away his degrees at the University of Tennessee, Harvard and the Harvard School of law, it is believed that his answer would not be his services on the bench, but more than likely his numerous commencement addresses before high school, college and university graduates, and his public addresses on educational and historical subjects and on good citizenship.

Despite the fact that his convictions have been tempered by the tenets of his party, Justice Sanford is not charged with bigotry of partisanship. Item, he has considered ability above party hues and lines in making his appointments as Federal Judge, and many of his appointees are Democrats.

A man is known by the company he keeps, and oftentimes a man in public office is judged by the standards of the man who appointed him. In this connection, those who would like to know something intimate of the newly named Justice would form some conclusion from the fact that it was the late Theodore Roosevelt who first recognized Judge Sanford by appointing him Assistant Attorney General of the United States in 1906. And what President Roosevelt said and wrote on a slip of paper addressed to Secretary Bonaparte at that time, throws an interesting sidelight on President Harding's new appointee.

Capt. William Rule, veteran editor of the *Knoxville Journal and Tribune*, was in Washington to call on the President and urge Sanford's appointment. Capt. Rule himself is sponsor for the story. He told the President of Sanford's abilities.

"Yes, I have heard of Mr. Sanford," President Roosevelt replied.

Capt. Rule then referred to the fact that Sanford was a Harvard man. Mr. Roosevelt showed more interest, asked a few questions, then took a small writing-pad from a table and wrote on it these words:

"I would not attempt to dictate any of your appointments, but I would be pleased to see a Southern man of the Sanford type named as one of your

assistants." Summoning a messenger, the President ordered the slip handed to Secretary Bonaparte, who, within a few days, was appointed Attorney General. Within two weeks Sanford had been appointed.

On the death of United States District Judge O. D. Clark, presiding in Middle and Western Tennessee, President Roosevelt named Sanford as his successor in 1908.

For mental recreation he reads books, scores of them, mostly fiction and history. He has found diversion in the movies, but he is rather particular in the type of moving picture he patronizes. He has cared for his physical well-being by sincere efforts to lower his golf score, and to this end from time to time he has purchased almost innumerable golf sticks. In fact, his private secretary avers the judge once admitted to him in a burst of confidence that he would be willing to invest several hundreds of dollars in golf sticks if he thought he could find one club that would improve his game.

Next to his little grandson, Edward Sanford Metcalf of Paris, Ky., golf might be said to be the jurist's hobby. The grandson, now eight years old, is the child of Judge Sanford's eldest daughter, Dorothy, now dead. The second and only living child of Judge Sanford, Anna McGhee, is the wife of Dr. George M. Cameron of London.

A graduate of the University of Tennessee, preceding his graduation from Harvard, Sanford had for a classmate Dana Harmon, formerly an Attorney General and Circuit Judge of Tennessee. They delight in recounting an argument of their undergraduate days, which reveals Sanford as having inherited from his father an early resolve to get ahead. The future Supreme Court Justice was urging that a certain law should be passed. Harmon was opposing the measure. Finally Sanford declared, "And when I go to the United States Senate I'll introduce and pass it."

"Yes, and by the eternal, I'll veto it," was the equally ambitious reply.

THE MOST REVERED RULER IN EUROPE

AT the zenith of his pride, a certain Emperor William the Second of Germany, clad in resplendent uniform and decked with flashing emblazonry, called one day on a demure little Dutch lady. Neither taller nor prettier than Queen Victoria, she was, like Queen Victoria, a sovereign in her own right and fully aware of the fact. Plain in dress and dignified in demeanor, Queen Wilhelmina, as she entertained her formidable neighbor, was every inch a monarch. "My Potsdam guards," remarked the Emperor significantly, "stand seven feet high." "Indeed," said the Queen calmly, "and when I order my dykes to be thrown open, the water is ten feet deep." It was a bold repartee. The House of Orange, which withstood the might of Spain, which for a time governed England, which humbled King Louis XIV. of France, was unafraid of the House of Hohenzollern. Belgium might be invaded, but Holland was not to be cowed into surrender and annexation.

To-day, Queen Wilhelmina still sits calmly on her unshaken throne, and again is William of Germany her guest. But under circumstances how different! His Potsdam guards, seven feet high, are all disbanded. His gorgeous uniform survives only as an empty memory of a greatness that has gone. He can neither threaten, swagger nor boast, but can only beseech. And the little lady, who so bravely defied him in his power, has become at once his protector against an avenging justice and his jailer. Her dykes are still intact. Her land is still inviolate.

And to political offenders, that land offers the right of asylum. By the Allies, William of Hohenzollern is branded as a criminal; but with stubborn nonchalance Holland dares a score of nations to remove a guest over whom she has thrown the shield of her hospitality. William is reprieved; a

widower, he marries again in haste and repents at leisure.

Queen Victoria ruled England without being English. But Wilhelmina personifies her people. In face, in figure, in faith, she is the typical Hollander, with the Hollander's solid reserve of practical wisdom. The Dutch are to-day the best behaved, the most sagaciously governed and—per head of population—the richest nation in the world. And it is Wilhelmina who has saved them from ruin. She accomplished this triumph not by doing anything in particular, but simply by being herself. The fact that she was born and lived was enough to preserve the independence of her country during a period of unexampled danger.

Germany had two reasons for coveting Holland. With Belgium, this little land lies athwart the mouths of the Rhine, which the Germans wished to make wholly their river. And the Dutch, while crowded at home into a few sand-dunes, have a large empire abroad. Her colonies cover 783,000 square miles. Borneo, Java, Sumatra, New Guinea—with Dutch Guiana in South America—contain rich and immense resources of every kind. To attach these possessions to Germany, and with them the Belgian Congo, was William's ambition. And if there had been no Wilhelmina, the conquest would have been comparatively easy. On the chessboard of a troubled planet, Holland was thus a pawn, covered by the Queen, who alone prevented the capture of the pawn by the knights on the other side.

The trouble with the House of Orange has been, more than once, a threatened failure of the succession. In the seventeenth century, King William and Queen Mary governed England, but they left no heir. And in the nineteenth century William III. ruled Holland for forty-one years, but when

he died in 1890 his only child was a girl of ten—Wilhelmina—and she was the child of his second marriage. Until she came of age, her mother, Queen Emma, acted as regent, and the sole thing that mattered was Wilhelmina's life. Statesmen speculated on her health as they speculated on the terms of a secret treaty. But the throne, though only occupied by this girl in her 'teens, did not actually fall vacant, and when she was twenty-one years old, Wilhelmina was married to Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The prayer of her people was that the union might be blessed with a numerous offspring. But there were repeated disappointments, each of which was a political as much as a domestic event. In 1909, there was born, however, one child, again a girl, in whose precious person the hopes of Holland are vested. On her head have been showered the names Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina, but they all belong to one princess—by so slender a thread does a dynasty survive.

With Germany a republic, Holland is for the moment safe. But if the succession had lapsed, say, ten years ago, Germany would have been the power to propose a new sovereign, who, by the laws of heredity, would have been a German prince. Holland would have been reduced to a subject kingdom, like Bavaria, Württemberg and Saxony.

It is thus no wonder that Queen Wilhelmina stands stiffly by her etiquette. It was this same etiquette that held back the aggressor. Depending himself on the hereditary principle, the Kaiser dared not openly flout the hereditary principle in a family related to himself. Hence, Queen Wilhelmina's firm insistence on her position as head of a state. She is the last person in this world to say, like Prince Louis Mountbatten, that she doesn't care "a hoot for royalty," nor will Juliana be brought up, flapper-wise, to smoke cigarettes. Neither Juliana nor her illustrious mamma will risk their necks, whether on the hunting-field or in a flying-ma-

chine. The basis of their philosophy is solid sense, on mother earth, and no needless risks. Princesses of the House of Orange are too rare to be thrown away.

Queen Wilhelmina thus upholds the old and serious conception of royalty. King Albert cuts the red tape and takes a holiday in the United States. But his staunch little neighbor says, "No; if the President of the United States cannot call upon me, I cannot call upon him." The Queen who lined up Holland against Germany claims an absolute equality with the great republic of the new world. The meaning of her remark is to be found probably in the fact that she has received an invitation to the Huguenot-Walloon Tercentenary, to be arranged for the year 1924, by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. This occasion will celebrate the founding of New York and the Middle States by Walloons under the Dutch West Indies Company in 1624. On this most interesting festival, might not there be some adjustment of procedure which would meet the Queen's scruples and so enable her to be present?

The Dutch are democratic. They do not conceal their opinions, even from their Queen. In 1921, she opened her Parliament, as they do in England, driving there in a gilded coach and reading her speech from the throne. But this did not prevent pacifists interrupting her with a demand for the release of a conscientious objector called Groenendaal and, at times, the unemployed in Holland, as in Britain, have been vocal. Although the Dutch have close affiliations with Germany, it is with the British that they are nearest akin in temper and thought. They are taught to speak English as their second language and their life is on the ocean. And it was their Constitution, as much as anything in Britain or France, which suggested the Constitution of the United States. Queen Wilhelmina is well aware that, under the form of a monarchy, she is really the head of a republic.



Courtesy Magazine of Wall Street

THEY HAVE RISEN IN SIX YEARS TO A COMMANDING POSITION IN THE RAILWAY WORLD
Oris P. Van Sweringen (left) and his brother Mantis J. (right), once Ohio barefoot boys, have quietly obtained control of four railroads with more than 5,000 miles of track.

ARE THE VAN SWERINGENS PLAYING A BOGEY GAME?

HARDLY known outside of Cleveland, Ohio, six or seven years ago, the Van Sweringen brothers—Oris P. and Mantis J.—are to-day the cynosure of all eyes in the American railway world. Silently, though with no attempt at secrecy, they have secured control of four different railroads aggregating more than 5,000 miles of track, and they have done it with such rapidity as to recall the days when Gould, Hill and Harriman were at work. Their rise from obscurity to their present commanding position is declared, by the *Magazine of Wall Street*, to be an example of achievement, accomplished without financial backing at the outset and against tall obstacles, solely by virtue of foresight and vision combined with the requisite amount of practical knowledge and business sagacity.

The roads they control are the New York, Chicago and St. Louis, known as the Nickel Plate, which was purchased from the Vanderbilt interests in 1916 for \$8,500,000; the Toledo, St. Louis and Western, called the Clover Leaf, which, with the Lake Erie and Western and the Chesapeake and Ohio railroads, they have secured within the past year.

As a preface to these Napoleonic operations, it is written that in 1907 the Van Sweringens, then in their twenties, started in the real estate business in Cleveland, whence they had moved from Geneva, Ohio. The family was not romantically poor, although rumor has it that the boys had sold papers for a while in Geneva. But so do lots of other boys who are out to make their own pocket money. For a while, after leaving school, O. P. Van Sweringen

clerked. At twenty-one he and his brother became realtors, and with practically no capital secured an option on an area of pasture land about three miles beyond the nearest Cleveland street-car terminus.

The city grew both in population and in extent and the ground which they held and that around it, which they gradually acquired, was transformed from a place over which cattle were wont to roam into an exceedingly attractive suburb. On this land, called Shaker Heights, many of the finest homes in Cleveland were to be built, and the greater part of this entire section was originally owned by the Van Sweringens and their associates.

In developing it, they formed syndicates by going to groups of small-monied men and saying, in effect: "Here is a whole block of lots. For a small cash payment you can have them at \$25 a front foot; we will carry you till you can sell them at \$30."

The plan was novel—with the virtue of imaginative appeal. With transportation, improvements and a modest but certain inflow of population, land values could not help going up. When time came to sell it, for instance, at \$30 a foot, few wanted to sell and more wanted to buy. People were actually getting enthusiastic over the idea. When they saw it working out, they only wondered that no one had thought of it before. And the Van Sweringens now had some 5,000 acres. One important thing only was needed—better transportation.

They succeeded in raising enough money to build a fast electric road from Shaker Heights to the center of Cleveland, and it developed in negotiating with the Nickel Plate for a right of way that the entire road was for sale on the partial-payment plan. Although entering the transaction merely to obtain control of a small right of way the Van Sweringens emerged from the deal as owners of the whole Nickel Plate system. The construction of the electric line which was thereby made possible enabled the residents of Shaker Heights to arrive in town in fifteen

minutes, whereas it had required three-quarters of an hour before.

The faculty of the Van Sweringens for drawing capital is one in which *Commerce and Finance* finds more of foresight and plain acumen than genius or luck displayed. They appear to have not only ability but character of the kind that attracts support.

Before long, under their efficient direction, the Nickel Plate began to do a surprising thing—make money. Its money-making ability encouraged the Van Sweringens to dream of a real Union Station for Cleveland and, backed by the people who had confidence in them, the dream is being made to come true. With all the Cleveland public on the band-wagon, the Interstate Commerce Commission gave its assent to the new proposition. And the result is that the New York Central and Big Four are going in with the Nickel Plate on a \$60,000,000 station that is intended to vie with some of the finest terminals in the world.

The Van Sweringen mind, however, does not run on a single track. A year ago, while the Union Station project was in its preliminary stages, the Van Sweringens bought the major interest in the Clover Leaf line. Later they added to this a controlling interest in the Lake Erie & Western, and now have an outlet to the Atlantic seaboard through the purchase (in process of completion) of control in the Chesapeake and Ohio. This is their most formidable undertaking in the railroad field, for whereas the three roads to be merged into the new Nickel Plate represent only 1,700 miles of road, the Chesapeake & Ohio, with its subsidiary, the Hocking Valley, totals about 2,900 miles.

Big men are both these Van Sweringens, now in their early forties, quiet of speech, manner and appearance. Physically powerful, they are described, in the *New York Herald*, as having brains that can be "worked hard and often by strong, durable bodies, and they have the bodies that can stand up under many years of desperately hard work."

In the brief period in which the public has known or heard of these brothers, very little other than hearsay has been written about them. They avoid newspapermen, cameramen, society functions and public gatherings. They are almost monastic in their retirement. Neither is married, nor has

ever been. Those who profess to know them with any degree of intimacy profess the opinion that neither ever will marry. They make their residence with two unmarried sisters, Carrie B. and Edith E., in a mansion in Shaker Heights Village, near Cleveland, which has been their El Dorado.

A BRITISH MINISTER WHOSE TEXT IS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

LORD ROBERT CECIL, who, as champion of the League of Nations, now visits the United States, is one of those rare aristocrats who accepts democracy. Bred to the very bone in the conservatism which has filled the British peerage with Cecils, he has set his calendar to a new century and he faces the facts. As long as they dared, his family opposed the franchise, upheld the House of Lords, ostracised the dissenters, seized the land, governed their tenants, resisted trade-unions, and ridiculed education, except by the church; but with the sweeping Liberal victories of 1905, 1910 and 1911, Robert Cecil, at any rate, realized that this game was up. If he and his caste were to rule at all, it must be, not in spite of the people but with their consent. Pedigree must win, not by privilege, but by merit. And Cecil determined that, in his case, the merit should be there. Like any other man, he would enter politics and a profession; and he would start his career from scratch.

His father, the Marquis of Salisbury, was, of course, thrice Prime Minister. But he also began life as a younger son and without means. He also had to make his way, first as an editorial writer and then as the chairman, or what we call the president, of a railway. Doubtless his name helped him. But it was ability and only ability that carried him through. He was given much to write because he wrote well; and his handling of the railway made it a profitable concern. What he there developed was the poor man's train.

He was a prospective peer who saved his company by attracting thereto the wage-earner's pennies. It was only when his elder brother died that he became a marquis.

Lord Robert, the son, read for the law. His public school had been Eton; his university had been Oxford. But, in the Inner Temple, he shared cham-



Courtesy London Saturday Review
HE WANTS THE UNITED STATES TO JOIN
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Lord Robert Cecil, P.C., K.C., M.P., frankly tells us that there can be no new era unless we are a part of it.

bers like any other barrister and had to munch mutton chops and mashed potatoes, between which mouthfuls he awaited briefs. In fact, at the bar he has not made much of a sensation. A hundred men have done as well as he—some, many times better. The law has yielded Cecil a dignified competence but nothing more.

When war broke out, Cecil knew that the sky had fallen. The statecraft which his family had pursued since his ancestor, Lord Burleigh, served Queen Elizabeth, was shattered for all time. Whatever had been said of the old diplomacy—good or bad—the fact was patent that the old diplomacy had plunged the world in blood. Sir Edward Grey, who had been England's Foreign Minister for ten years before the war, knew it, and the knowledge almost killed him. He could neither eat nor see. And owing to the shock of it all he nearly died. Cecil had been, for a time, his Under Secretary. He shared the tragedy, and the iron entered also into his soul. His confidence in the elaborate make-belief of gold-laced ambassadors and ribboned plenipotentiaries was shaken. He had seen the inside of the cup—the intrigues—the follies—the cruelties—and he was completely disillusioned. All the pride of his race turned to a fierce resentment over what was, in effect, the betrayal of mankind.

Other and worse men, thus situated, have turned cynic. Lord Robert's brother, Hugh, was confirmed in the zeal as an Anglo-Catholic which has set him among the foremost of living laymen. But Robert heard the call, not to be cynic, not to be saint, but to be statesman. If he realized that the old diplomacy had failed, he also recognized that no new diplomacy could succeed without experience. He therefore placed at the disposal of the peoples of the world all of a patrician's governing instinct.

It is, perhaps, only in Britain that a career like Cecil's would be possible. He has been a bitter critic of Lloyd George, whose savage attacks on Eng-

land's disappearing landlords, even Cecil, with his heart changed, could not quite forgive. And it was thus impossible for him after the peace to serve under the Coalition. Yet, for all that, he appeared constantly as a delegate at Geneva. The reason was curious. This Englishman by race, speech and manner, who has seldom been far from England, is the appointed spokesman of South Africa and of General Smuts, the Dutch Prime Minister of that Union. It is to Cape Town and not to Downing Street that he has to answer for what he says and does within the League of Nations. And when so disposed he does not hesitate to resist by vote and argument the view expressed by Britain's own representatives. It is an anomaly which Americans, living as we do under a written and logical Constitution, find it almost impossible to understand.

Cecil is out, frankly, to reconstruct the world on a foundation of peace instead of war. He is the opportunist with ideals. He is a Christian Machiavelli. With his broad forehead, large bones, stooping shoulders, loose joints, shambling gait, easy clothing, and long, nervous fingers, he might be a monk in mufti, but he is no mere mystic. Without a trace of wit and with no graces of eloquence, he is as angular in diction as he is in anatomy, and is wholly concerned with the matter rather than the manner of his oration. You may agree or you may disagree with what he says, but, in either event, he is the man who has been there—who knows what he is talking about—who must be heard, whether his sentences parse or not. He has a most formidable scowl and a most winning smile. And since he consecrated his life to a cause instead of to mere controversies, it is the smile that has won the day.

Of the United States, his view is simple. It may be put in a nutshell. He does not believe that there can be any new era worth the name unless the United States is a part of it. He wants this country to join the League of Nations.

A WRITER WHO MADE AMERICA THINK

HERE are thousands of men and women in this country whose real initiation into intellectual life may be said to date from the time when they first read the writings of Elbert Hubbard. His unique *Philistine*, a "periodical of protest," published for twenty years at the Roycroft Shops in East Aurora, New York; his beautifully bound and printed books, carrying the spirit of modern teachers of the type of Emerson and William Morris; above all, his "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great," in which he created a veritable pantheon of statesmen, painters, authors, artists, orators, philosophers and reformers, have a kind of vitality which every writer desires, but which few achieve. The way in which Hubbard emerged from a farm and a soap-factory to become not only an author and a publisher but a community-maker, is a romance in itself. He was not accepted in his lifetime by the literary Brahmins, and is not accepted by most of them even yet. If the time is already here when their approval or disapproval seems unimportant, it is because he has won, over their heads, the kind of verdict that ensures immortality.

Soon after his death on the *Lusitania* in 1915, a Memorial Edition of the "Little Journeys" was issued in fourteen volumes. This edition was greeted with enthusiasm and brought to the Roycroft Shops, along with words of praise, the question: "Why publish *only* 'Little Journeys' as a memorial, excluding the rest of Elbert Hubbard's writings? Why a half, instead of a whole loaf?" The logic

of the situation demanded another series of reprints, and the Roycrofters decided to crown the first memorial with a second.

The "Selected Writings of Elbert Hubbard," now published, are described as "his mintage of wisdom, coined from a life of love, laughter and work." They are edited by his son, Elbert Hubbard II., and, like the "Little Journeys," consist of fourteen volumes. "These essays, these travels, these biographies, these stories," we are told in a foreword, "are



THE MASTER OF THE ROYCROFT SHOPS
Elbert Hubbard was a practical printer, as well as a writer and publisher. He is shown here in his printing shop in East Aurora, New York.

'the message' that carries Elbert Hubbard to posterity. They are Elbert Hubbard at his best—his satire and his sublimity, the weapons he used to make men think."

Elbert Hubbard was nothing if he was not a pamphleteer, and the first essay of the first volume of the new series is appropriately entitled "Pamphlets and Pamphleteers." The word "pamphlet," he tells us, comes from "Pamphilus," a Greek writer of the first century before Christ, who produced upward of a hundred little books that were widely distributed. Later, the name was adopted by monks who wanted to suggest the idea of "the teacher," "the writer," one who instructs, one who distributes knowledge. Martin Luther printed pamphlets in a sub-cellars. John Calvin sent streams of pamphlets out of Geneva. One of Calvin's pamphlets fell into the hands of John Knox, influencing the foundation of the Presbyterian Church. Sir Thomas More, Dean Swift and John Milton were pamphleteers; so, nearer to our own time, were Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Madison. A pamphlet entitled "The Crisis" and written by Thomas Paine was distributed, by Washington's orders, among the soldiers of the Continental army and was read at the head of every regiment. It is hardly too much to say that Hubbard's pamphlets are lineal descendants not only of those mentioned, but also of the Declaration of Independence, first issued in pamphlet form.

The volume that contains this essay on pamphlets offers the text of the best-known of all Elbert Hubbard's pamphlet utterances, "A Message to Garcia." Many readers will turn to it first of all, and will try to fathom the secret of its power. Hubbard wrote it in 1899, and thought so little of it that he ran it in the *Philistine* without a heading. He was awakened to the fact that he had written something out of the common when George H. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, proposed the distribution of hundreds of thousands of copies of the article in pamphlet

form. The "Message" has been translated into a dozen languages; was used in the Russo-Japanese War, as well as in the World War; is said by the Roycrofters to have reached a circulation of 40,000,000 copies; and is still going strong.

Elbert Hubbard described the "Message to Garcia" as a "preachment," and he used it as a vehicle for one of his favorite ideas—the need of intelligence and reliability in employees. He was capable of looking at life, Socialistically, from the point of view of the wage-earner, but in this utterance his sympathy is all with those who have to meet weekly payrolls. He would "drop a tear," he says, "for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, shoddy imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless."

There are many passages in these essays in which Elbert Hubbard plays with ideas of Anarchism, Socialism and Single Tax, but, undoubtedly, as he grew older he grew more conservative. His emphasis, from the first, was not on "the class struggle," but on the mutual dependence of employers and employees. In the end, he chose to eschew "muckraking" and to ally himself with the constructive forces of big business. His gospel became one that Rockefeller, Gary and Henry Ford would endorse. He said: "When the world is redeemed from sickness, woe, want, worry and distress, it will be through the influence of business men, not through the courts, the preachers, the professional reformers." The title of one of the new volumes is "Olympians." This volume tells the life-stories of thirty-nine celebrities—mostly business men.

A religious, as well as an industrial gospel is involved in this writing. Elbert Hubbard attacked "Billy Sundayism" and evangelical Christianity, but

he had a creed of his own derived in large part from Emerson and Whitman. He espoused "New Thought" (which, of course, as he pointed out, is *not* new) and defined it as follows: "New Thought offers you no promise of Paradise or eternal bliss if you accept it; nor does it threaten you with everlasting Hell if you don't. All it offers is unending work, constant effort, new difficulties, beyond each success a new trial. Its only satisfactions are that you are allowing your life to unfold itself according to the laws of its nature. And these laws are divine, therefore you yourself are divine just as you allow the divine to possess your being." Elbert Hubbard defended Christian Science against the assaults of Mark Twain and of other critics, and would surely have embraced the gospel of autosuggestion preached by Emile Coué.

In a sense he may be described as a pacifist. None saw more clearly than he the evils of militarism. But when the World War broke out and Germany invaded Belgium, he wrote his fierce philippic, "Who Lifted the Lid off Hell?" thus anticipating the attitude that America took years later.

Marriage and woman as an inspiration in the life of man were favorite themes of his. In an essay on "Incompatibility" he makes it clear that this often-unrecognized reason for divorce is in his eyes the most valid of all reasons. Another essay pleads the cause of unmarried mothers and advocates a pension for every mother who needs it. The liberal point of view in this, as in most other problems, appealed to him. He followed Friedrich Froebel in education, and wanted teachers to feel that one of their most important functions was to make their pupils independent of them. He had little love for either lawyers or doctors, but he had a soft spot in his heart for criminals and argued in behalf of the indeterminate sentence. One of his hobbies was drugless healing; another was "Fletcherism" and the proper mastication of food. He had no use for either vivisection or vaccination, and, believ-

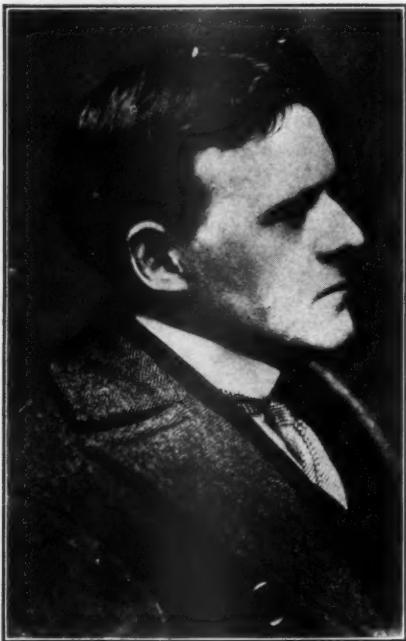
ing that nature if given a chance would cure most of our maladies, may be said to have prepared the way for the osteopath and the chiropractor.

There are glamor and magnetism, as well as clarity and force, in the writings of Elbert Hubbard. The Roycroft Shops (named after Samuel and Thomas Roycroft, English printers of the seventeenth century) will always seem more attractive than other workshops because he wrote of them. His family, his associates, even his horses and his live stock, are somehow transfigured by his pen. He enjoyed slang; he could be flippant and cynical; but his fundamental purpose was serious. He possessed and cultivated a literary style of his own and became renowned as a coiner of epigrams. He took what he wanted wherever he found it, and he was proud to say, with Terence, that nothing human was alien to him. Much of his writing was done on trains as he traveled about the country speaking at public dinners, on the lecture platform and on the vaudeville stage.

The secret of Elbert Hubbard's appeal may be found in his combination of industrial, esthetic and religious motives. He knew America and was shrewd as only a Yankee can be shrewd, but he emphasized the spiritual values and erected a statue of Michelangelo on his front lawn. In certain things he fought against prevailing tendencies. He tried, for instance, to revive the arts and crafts at a time when America was entering on a machine-made era. In other ways he epitomized the spirit of his age. His influence is still felt. He made disciples, but he did something else that may turn out to be even more important. As his friend Leigh M. Hodges puts it: "Above the value of his power to condense; his style and his human sympathy; transcending his vast and unusual vocabulary; his mastery of satire and his free flow of vitriol when aroused; he possessed the ability to make his readers THINK. His pencil was a plow that let light and air into brains baked hard by centuries of vicarious thinking."

THE VISIT OF HILAIRE BELLOC

THE appearance of Hilaire Belloc as a lecturer in this country has served to call attention to a writer and thinker of extraordinary gifts. As long ago as 1909 he was



"THE GREATEST LAY CATHOLIC MIND IN THE WORLD TO-DAY"
So Hilaire Belloc is characterized by Cardinal O'Connell.

named, with Chesterton and Shaw, as one of the three cleverest men in London. It is amusing to recall how, about that time, Shaw attacked "the Chesterbiloc" as an animal with four legs, capable of doing infinite harm. Shaw was then, as he is now, a freethinker and a Socialist. Chesterton and Belloc were then, as they are still, men of Catholic mind opposed to Socialism. These three and their conflicts may be said to illustrate the endless intellectual struggle of the day.

It happens that in a book entitled "The Jews," published last year, Mr. Belloc laid himself open to the charge

of anti-Semitism. He is finding that charge inconvenient now, and has even been named by Judge Rosalsky, of New York, as a fit subject for deportation on the ground that he urged "a separate nation for the Jews" and stirred racial prejudice. He admits that he advocated "amicable segregation" as a solution of the Jewish problem, but he denies that he is anti-Semitic.

What he has come to tell us, mainly, is that civilization is confronted by three perils. The first of these perils is the unrest in Islam. The fact that in India, Egypt and Turkey the people are seeking a way to independence is, in Belloc's view, a matter of vital importance. England, he thinks, has the best chance of coping with this situation, for she controls the largest part of Islam and has learned how to deal with Mohammedans. She "may possibly have a little private war with Turkey," but he does not expect it. The great necessity in dealing with this new influence in world affairs, he says, is a new kind of spiritual alliance between the East and the West.

The second peril confronting civilization is that involved in the quarrels between classes. Russia, of course, is the country in which these quarrels have reached their most critical stage, but Russia, according to Belloc, is less of a menace than it was. He sums up this part of his discussion with the words, "Communism won't work," and he adheres to the conviction, expressed years ago, that an extension of peasant-proprietorship, rather than of collectivism, is what is needed to ward off that "servile state" which otherwise seems inevitable. When Belloc speaks of the "servile state" he means a condition of society in which a majority is held in servitude by a few. He sees this condition emerging both under Capitalism and Socialism, and therefore opposes both. He is also anti-democratic on the ground that democracy is a doctrine for angels. The ideal he sets

before him is one that shall realize the right sort of "control." The world he would build is nearer to that of the Middle Ages than to that in which we live.

All of which prepares the way for a consideration of the third and, as Belloc feels, the greatest peril now confronting the world. It is the decay of dogmatic religion. Mr. Belloc is convinced that religion and the culture that goes with it are a stabilizing force of immense potency, and that, lacking it, civilization collapses. The latest exemplification of his idea may be found in the fall of the Russian Orthodox Church with the Czar. Irreligion, he holds, is akin to revolt, for "religion makes unhappy conditions of life bearable." Mr. Belloc speaks here as a strong Roman Catholic and as one who has devoted years of study to the Roman Catholic influence in Europe. His *magnum opus*, "Europe and the Faith," is history keyed to the idea of religion, and challenges fundamentally the philosophy implicit in H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."

There is not room in this article even to list the thirty-odd books that Belloc has written during a quarter of a century. He is probably best known as a historian, and his studies of the French Revolution have taken on the rank of classics. In addition to being a historian he is also a poet and a publicist, an essayist and an economist, a novelist and a traveler, a writer on military affairs and a writer of children's verses.

The mingling of French and English blood in Belloc may account for part of his power. He was born at La Celle near Paris in 1870, the son of Louis Swanton Belloc, a well-known French barrister. He was educated in England and graduated with honors from

Balliol College, Oxford, in 1892. He then entered the literary field, where he speedily achieved success as a newspaper and magazine writer. An experience of French army life, and a tour of the United States which resulted in his marriage to a Californian, helped to widen his range and to sharpen his pen. He at one time wrote for the London *Speaker*, then founded his own paper, the *New Witness*. He served two terms in Parliament, but refused to stand for a third because, as he said, he was weary of the "party system" and could attack it better from without than from within the House. Taken all in all, he gives the impression of a man who incarnates his own saying: "There is no better engine for enduring fame than the expression of real convictions."



"THE BING BOYS"

This amusing caricature of Chesterton and Belloc in the London *Saturday Review* recalls Bernard Shaw's description of the "Chesterbelloc" as a dangerous animal with four legs.

THE HAPPY ESSAYIST OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

WHAT the London *Spectator* describes as "a cornerstone to our English criticism" has lately appeared in the shape of a "Life of William Hazlitt" (Doran), by P. P. Howe. We can study here, in every detail, the life and character of one of the unique figures of English literature—an essayist who, according to some, was greater even than his famous contemporary, Charles Lamb, and whose influence is even yet not fully recognized and acknowledged.

The previous biographers of Hazlitt include Augustine Birrell, George Saintsbury and Leslie Stephen. Among his loyalest friends were Lamb and Keats. On the surface, he might seem to have been one of the unhappiest of men. His love-affairs were unfortunate; he had a genius for quarreling; and he was viciously attacked by reviewers of his day. Yet he could say to Lamb as he was dying, "I have had a happy life," and his essay on "Sun Dials" was inspired by the words on a dial: "Horas non Numero nisi Serenas (I count only the happy hours)."

One of the finest tributes ever paid to Hazlitt is that of Robert Louis Stevenson, evoked by Hazlitt's essay, "On Going a Journey." "Though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays," says Stevenson in his "Walking Tours," "we cannot write like Hazlitt." In the same essay Stevenson goes on to suggest that a tax should be imposed upon everyone who has not read a certain eloquent passage in Hazlitt. Here is the passage:

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, and a three-hours' march to dinner and then to thinking. It is hard I cannot start something on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore."



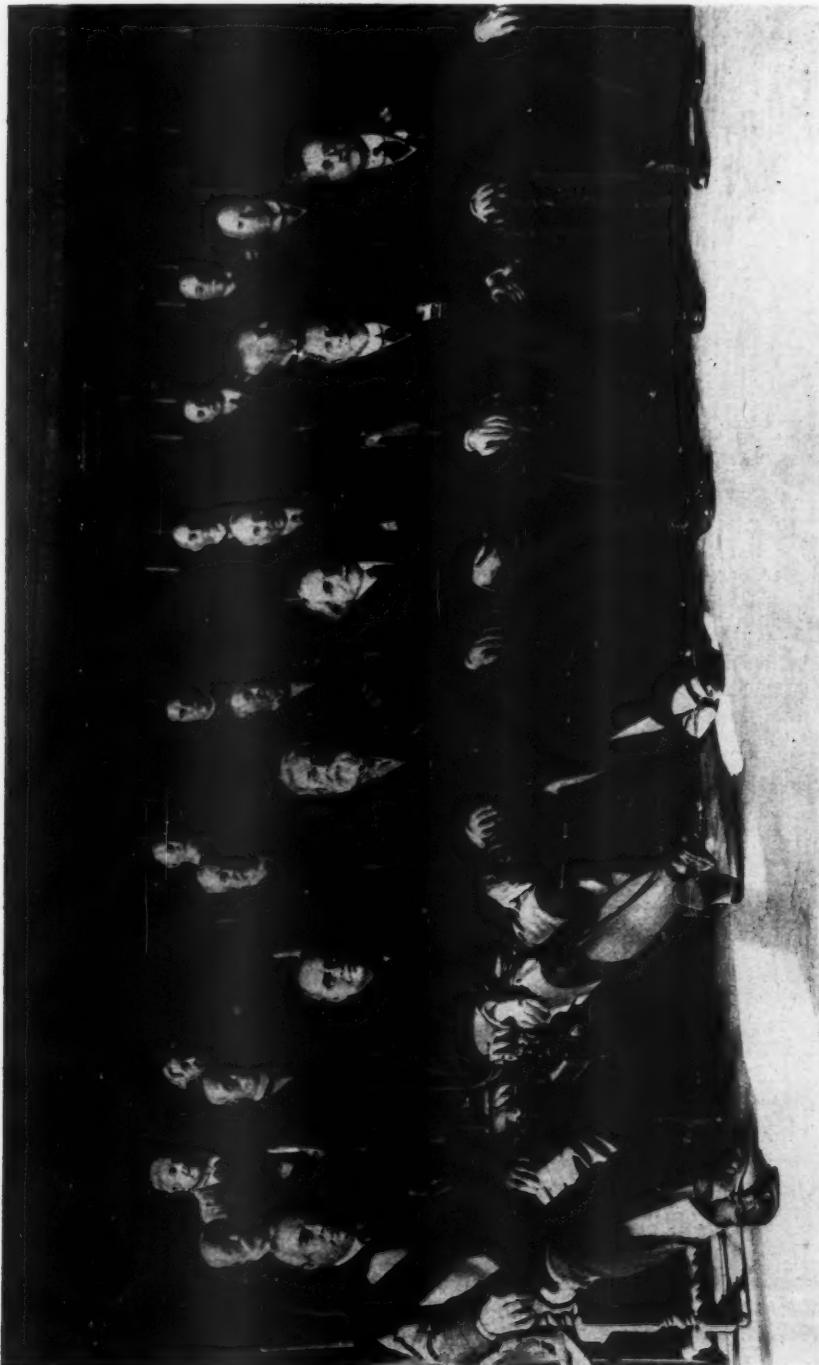
VINDICATED IN A NEW BIOGRAPHY
William Hazlitt, who, even more than Keats, was traduced by reviewers, emerges stronger than ever in P. P. Howe's biography.

journey over moor and mountain; to hear the midnight sainted choir; to visit lighted halls, or the cathedral's gloom, or sit in crowded theaters . . . to question history as to the movements of the human heart; to seek for truth; to plead the cause of humanity"—such were a few of the experiences which brought Hazlitt joy.

The man who could write the passages quoted is characterized by Richard Le Gallienne as "one of the great pioneer enjoyers alike in books, pictures and the stage, and one of the greatest stimulators of enjoyment in his readers that ever held a pen."

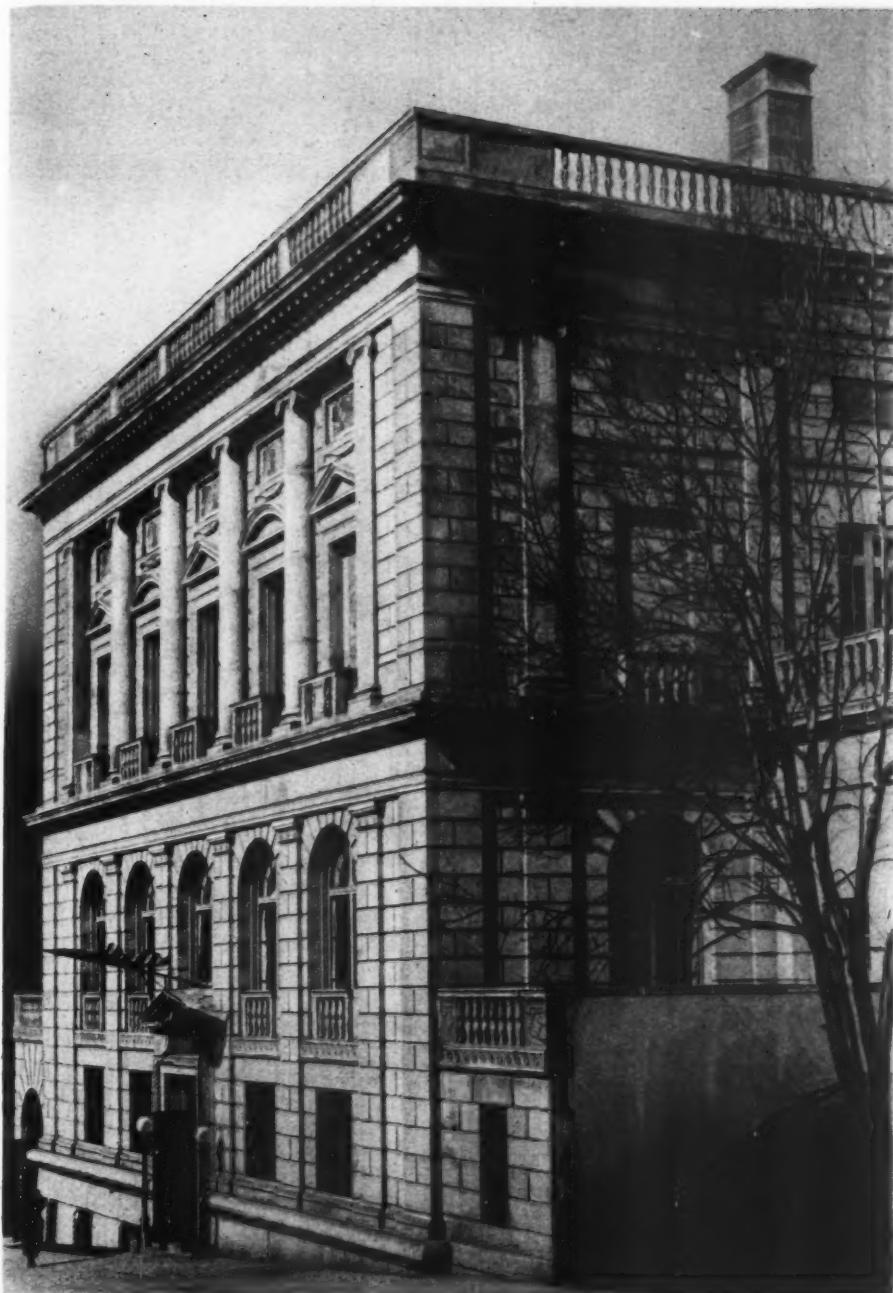


THREE GERMAN HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE IN THE RUHR
General von Hindenburg, Hugo Stinnes and Bertha Krupp von Bohlen are photographed in conversation
on the streets of Essen.



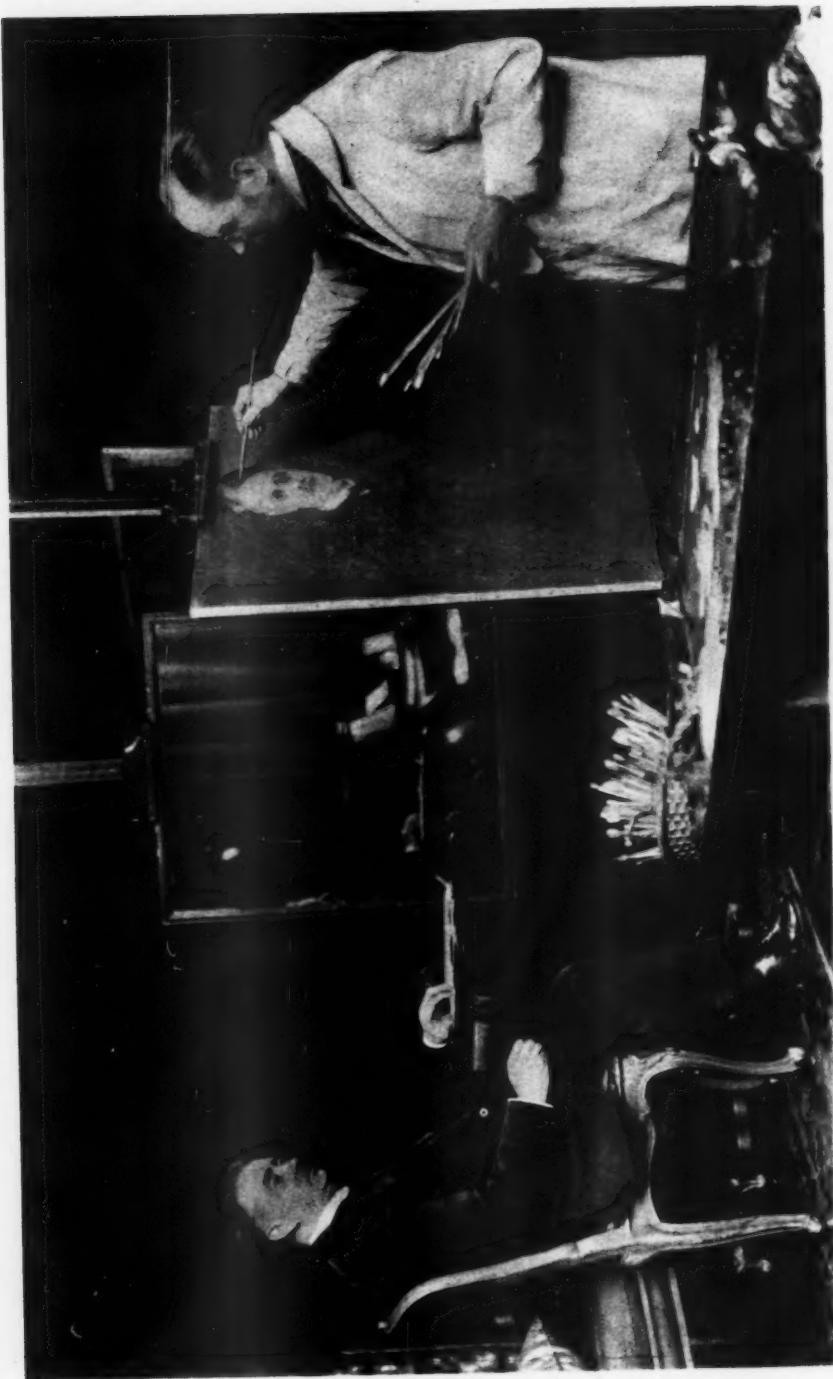
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THEY PURPORT TO BE THE SAVANTS OF AMERICAN ARTS AND LETTERS
Photographed at the first meeting of the American Academy in its new home in New York are R. U. Johnson, Joseph Pennell, Arthur T. Hadley, Paul Elmer More, Frederick MacMonnies, Cass Gilbert, Childe Hassam, William Gillette, Chas. Dana Gibson, Daniel Chester French, Nicholas Murray Butler, Augustus Thomas, Hamilton Garland, Owen Wister and others.



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THE NEW \$500,000 HOME OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS
A card of commercial success admits none to this "club of immortals" whose members are confined
to "the five creative arts."



© Keystone View Co.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH FREE STATE SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT
William T. Cosgrave, sitting in the London studio of Sir John Lavery, was seiously guarded against an attack by enemies of the Free State Government.



© International

PENNIES OF AMERICAN SCHOOL CHILDREN TO REBUILD THE DESTROYED LIBRARY
AT LOUVAIN

It will cost \$1,000,000, and while this model was exhibited recently in New York, a Pro-German extremist threatened it with destruction.



© C. L. Bernheimer

CONGRESS DESIGNATES A NEW NATIONAL MONUMENT

This Rainbow Natural Bridge of solid rock in Southern Utah (207 feet wide, 308 feet high) would easily span the famous Flatiron Building, among other American sky-scrapers.



© T. A. Barnes—International

A GIANT GORILLA CAPTURED IN AN UNKNOWN PART OF AFRICA
In the crater of an extinct volcano of Mt. Kilimanjaro. T. Alexander Barnes, scientist, now in America, found this specimen, together with some strange descendants of Ham.



© Wide World Photos

HE DID MUCH TO PERPETUATE THE FAME OF OMAR KHAYYAM
Elihu Vedder, who died recently at 70, added greatly to his own fame as an American artist by illustrating the Rubaiyat as Englished by Edward Fitzgerald.

A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO THE CREATIVE ARTS

THE formal dedication, on Washington's Birthday, of the new building of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, overlooking the Hudson River at 155th Street, New York City, may be said to have marked an important moment in the cultural history of this country. Sir Frederic Kenyon, Director of the British Museum, made an address; ex-President Wilson sent a message; and Henry van Dyke read a poem. For the first time in America, for the first time in the history of the English-speaking world, as Hamlin Garland points out in the *New York Times*, a temple has been erected to the uses and the glory of the five creative arts of painting, sculpture, music, architecture and literature. "There are art museums in plenty," he goes on to say, "and libraries of all kinds and sizes, with club-houses for painters, sculptors and men of letters, but nothing outside of France, Belgium, Spain and (strangely enough) Brazil corresponds to the precise uses of this new building."

The American Academy is now more than fifteen years old. Its membership, which is sometimes described as "The Fifty Immortals," is a union of representatives of the five arts specified, with literature predominating. It proposes to advance the creative spirit in America, first, through addresses by recognized authorities in each craft; second, by means of the publication and distribution of these and other essays; and, third, by the award of prizes and medals for distinguished service in the arts.

The impulse from which the new building has grown can be traced to the National Institute of Arts and Letters organized by the American Social Science Association in 1898. This Institute has been a kind of "House of Representatives" to the Academy which, as the "Senate," is more exclusive. All of the fifty "Immortals" must be drawn

from the two hundred and fifty members of the Institute.

William Dean Howells was the first president of the Academy, and its first fifteen members were William Dean Howells, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Edward MacDowell, John Hay, Samuel L. Clemens, John La Farge, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Henry Adams, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry James, Charles F. McKim, Charles Eliot Norton, John Ward, Richard Watson Gilder and Theodore Roosevelt.

The Academy is ruled by a board of directors. For president it has William M. Sloane (historian); for chancellor, Dr. Brander Matthews (critic, dramatist, novelist); for secretary, Robert Underwood Johnson (poet, editor and publicist); and for treasurer, Thomas J. Hastings, one of America's best-known architects. Nicholas Murray Butler (educator, essayist and historian); Augustus Thomas (dramatist); Archer M. Huntington (art connoisseur and editor); Cass Gilbert (architect), and Hamlin Garland (novelist and historian) complete the membership of the board, which is made up with intent to represent all the arts.

Fears have been expressed that the Academy may degenerate into something rigid and institutional; but Mr. Garland describes the directors as men of progress, and says that they have no intention of permitting the Academy to become a merely reactionary body. Conservative, he continues, it undoubtedly is, but to conserve does not mean to retard. "To conserve the best of the past, to promote the best of the present, and to assure the best of the future" has been suggested as a motto for its banner.

Photographs of the new home of the Academy and of some of its prominent members are presented in the art gravure section of this issue of *CURRENT OPINION*.

THE ONE LITERARY FORM THAT AMERICA HAS GIVEN TO THE WORLD

IT has often been asserted that Edgar Allan Poe invented the American short story, that he deliberately manufactured a new genre and presented to the world for the first time a unique literary form. This assertion, Fred Lewis Pattee declares in a new book, "The Development of the American Short Story" (Harper), is not true. Mr. Pattee is Professor of American Literature in the Pennsylvania State College. His book is the first attempt at a definitive study of its subject, and aims to show that the short story, so far from being the deliberate invention of a single writer, is an inevitable evolution brought about by unique conditions during a century.

The first American short-story writer, according to Professor Pattee, was Washington Irving, but in many respects, he tells us, Irving was a detriment to the development of the short story. The author of "The Sketch Book" was not concerned with form; he regarded a story merely as a frame on which to stretch his materials. Professor Pattee illustrates the point by calling attention to the fact that "Rip Van Winkle" has six pages of material before there is any movement. Of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" Irving himself could say: "The story is a mere whimsical band to connect descriptions of scenery, customs, manners, etc."

If a short story, in the modern sense, is a study of a single intense situation, then Hawthorne, Professor Pattee says, was its real pioneer. Edgar Allan Poe was the first to point this out in a famous review of "Twice Told Tales" in *Graham's Magazine*. He stated, in this review, his conviction that a rhymed poem, "not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour," was the literary form on which the highest genius could be most advantageously employed; and he named as the next best medium for the same

kind of genius "the prose tale as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it." The ordinary novel, he went on to say, is objectionable because of its length. "As it cannot be read at one sitting it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify, annul, or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. But simple cessation in reading would of itself be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control."

Of Poe's own attitude toward the short story Professor Pattee tells us: "Art to him was independent of time and place; he had no sympathy with the fundamental elements of Hawthorne's tales—their allegory and their sermonic connotation. Art to him meant beauty and moments of impression; he had no sympathy with Irving and Longfellow—he had no reverence for the past and no tendency to sentiment." In an over-sentimental age Poe worked coldly and without sentiment; in an age grotesque with perversions of romanticism, he worked without extravagance and evolved an art that is classical in its chaste proportions. It was one of his chief glories, as Professor Pattee interprets him, that he was first to anticipate a new mood in American fiction. "The age of extreme romance was passing and Poe was the first to perceive it. The annuals and the magazines that had sprung up in surprising numbers to supply the new demand for sketches and tales more and more were seeking for material that within the brief space at their command would yield the maximum of effect. Poe was the first to awake to the situation, the first

consciously to avail himself of a short-story technique, the first to formulate this technique with a system. In other words, the world of the short story had been discovered. Poe was the first to make an accurate chart of the new regions and to demonstrate how this chart might be used."

It is one of the curiosities of literary history that the theories of Poe made little impression in the United States, but were quickly seized upon by French writers, worked out well-nigh to perfection by Mérimée and Maupassant, and later accepted by masters of the short story in every modern language, coming back to the United States by way of France, here to reach their widest, if not their most exceptional development.

There is scarcely an outstanding short-story writer, dead or living, who is not discussed, in brilliant fashion, by Professor Pattee. He speaks of Henry James, "who worked never by impulse and seldom with emotion," and of Edith Wharton, who is not dishonored, he thinks, in being described as "a feminine Henry James." He contends that Thomas Bailey Aldrich must be read by one who would follow the evolution of the American short story, and devotes a breezy chapter to Bret Harte. Ambrose Bierce, James Lane Allen, Hamlin Garland, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Margaret Deland, Richard Harding Davis and Jack London are passed in review until at the last we reach O. Henry, whose "swift rise to dominance has been one of the sensations of the new century." Professor Pattee writes:

"By 1910 the short story had become a distinct subject for study in American colleges and universities. . . . Short-story art was found to be peculiarly teachable; it seemed to have all the elements of an exact science, with laws as arbitrary and as multitudinous as those governing bridge whist, and it had, moreover, the added stimulus of contemporaneousness and of personal conjecture. Why not be an O. Henry yourself and make money? Here were the rules. College



A KEEN ANALYST OF AMERICAN FICTION
Prof. Fred Lewis Pattee, of Pennsylvania State College, has made a real contribution to our criticism in his "Sidelights on American Literature" and, now, in his "Development of the American Short Story."

professors of the short story advertised their courses by statistics of the number of stories sold by the class of the preceding year. Correspondence schools in short-story writing sprang up, and their students were assured a lucrative market after a given number of lessons by mail. Everywhere the emphasis was upon the mechanistics, upon manner, upon a technique that one might learn from books. It is noteworthy, however, that none of the makers of these elaborate handbooks have also made short stories of distinction."

The short story is characterized by Professor Pattee as the one literary form that America has given to the world. His book has a scope and a breadth that make it not only a literary history, but also a history of thought and of manners. It ends on a question mark, for he is unwilling to attempt to predict what the American short story may become.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S HOLD ON LITERARY IMMORTALITY

DEATH has a way of gilding reputations, and, in the case of Katherine Mansfield, may have given her glory, for the time being, beyond her deserts. It is not necessary to believe, as her husband J. Middleton Murry did, that she was "the most perfect and accomplished literary artist" of our generation, in order to appreciate her gifts. We may read her enthusiastically even if we fail to agree with Joseph Collins' statement, in the *New York Times*, that "she knew her art as Leonardo knew his." The fact is that her genius was slender, but very refined. Her sensibility was her chief gift. The two books on which her fame rests are "Bliss and Other Stories" and "The Garden Party and Other Stories," both published in America by Alfred A. Knopf. It is safe to assert that they will give her a kind of literary immortality.

Her life-record is brief and is summed up in the statements that she was the daughter of Sir Harold Beauchamp and a New Zealander by birth; that she was twenty-three years old when she married J. Middleton Murry, of the London *Nation* and *Athenaeum*, and that she was thirty-four years old when she died of pulmonary disease, a few weeks ago, at Fontainebleau, France.

Her name is often linked with that of Anton Chekhov, and her art, as Joseph Collins points out in the *New York Times*, resembles that of the Russian writer. It is evidently her aim to depict a problem in such a way as to leave the interpretation to the reader. In one of her characteristic tales, "Je ne parle pas français," she makes Raoul Duquette say: "People are like portmanteaux, packed with certain things, started going, thrown about, tossed away, dumped down, lost and found, half emptied suddenly or squeezed fatter than ever until finally the Ultimate Porter swings them on to

the Ultimate Train, and away they rattle." Perhaps that was her own philosophy.

It was not the least of her accomplishments, Mr. Collins goes on to say, that she succeeded in finding the balance in fiction between the unreal optimism which for the last decade has been threatening to reduce American literature to a spineless pulp, and the morbid realism which has infected the fiction both of this country and of England. Her art is "sane and refreshingly free from obsession, delusion and egocentricism." Mr. Collins adds:

"She had a genius for catching the exact meaning of the little touches of life, the little ironies and comedies, as well as for seeing the solitary little wild-flower half hidden in a rank growth of weeds. She could enter into the soul of a charwoman, so overwhelmed with work and troubles that she had never been able to afford the luxury of a cry; or into that of an old maid, whose largest share of human affection was lavished upon a little dingy fur collar; or a country girl at her first dance; she could take a snapshot which would make the reader love the charwoman, the old maid or the young country girl; she could paint a picture in which one breathed the atmosphere of children at play or felt the dawn at the seashore; she could describe night in a deserted house that would remain as vividly in memory as an Arabian Night, and could make an X-ray picture of the soul of a selfish woman or a self-righteous man that would soften the one and orient the other, could either of them look upon it.

"The finest stories in both her books adhere closely to the Chekhov formula, although the word formula is misleading. Her spiritual excellence lay in the reflective power of a mind that caught up a thousand rays of revealed or half-revealed consciousness and gave them out again in a serene and most delicate pattern."

One of the latest of her uncollected stories, "The Fly," is reprinted in this issue of *CURRENT OPINION*.

THE FLY

An Allegorical Indictment of Life

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD

“**Y**’RE very snug in here,” piped old Mr. Woodifield, and he peered out of the great, green leather armchair by his friend the boss’s desk as a baby peers out of its pram. His talk was over; it was time for him to be off. But he did not want to go. Since he had retired, since his . . . stroke, the wife and the girls kept him boxed up in the house every day of the week except Tuesday. On Tuesday he was dressed and brushed and allowed to cut back to the city for the day. Though what he did there the wife and the girls couldn’t imagine. Made a nuisance of himself to his friends, they supposed. . . . Well, perhaps so. All the same, we cling to our last pleasures as the tree clings to its last leaves. So there sat old Woodifield, smoking a cigar and staring almost greedily at the boss, who rolled in his office chair, stout, rosy, five years older than he, and still going strong, still at the helm. It did one good to see him.

WISTFULLY, admiringly, the old voice added, “It’s snug in here—upon my word!”

“Yes, it’s comfortable enough,” agreed the boss, and he flipped the *Financial Times* with a paper-knife. As a matter of fact, he was proud of his room;

IN this story, which appeared originally in “The Nation and The Athenaeum” (London), the author, who is posthumously acclaimed as one of the greatest short-story writers of this generation, has said more than many an author says in a long novel. Its author, who was the wife of John Middleton Murry, the well-known English littérateur, died recently at Fontainebleau, in her thirty-fourth year. An estimate of her work appears elsewhere in this issue of **CURRENT OPINION**.

“The Fly,” which is her last published story, is an allegorical indictment of contemporary life. As one critic says, “It is too poignant for any but strong souls who can look upon the wine of life when it is red; who can even drain the cup to the bitter dregs in their sincere desire to learn its truth, without suffering the draught to poison their outlook.” Tempering the bitterness and beyond the horror of existence as reflected in this strange tale there is a tonic leavening of love and pity.

he liked to have it admired, especially by old Woodifield. It gave him a feeling of deep, solid satisfaction to be planted there in the midst of it in full view of that frail old figure in the muffler.

“I’ve had it done up lately,” he explained, as he had explained for the past—how many?—weeks. “New carpet,” and he pointed to the bright red carpet with a pattern of large white rings.

“New furniture,” and he nodded towards the massive bookcase and the tables with legs like twisted treacle. “Electric heating!” He waved almost exultantly towards the five transparent, pearly sausages glowing so softly in the tilted copper pan.

BUT he did not draw old Woodifield’s attention to the photograph over the table of a grave-looking boy in uniform standing in one of those spectral photographers’ parks with photographers’ storm-clouds behind him. It was not new. It had been there for over six years.

“There was something I wanted to tell you,” said old Woodifield, and his eyes grew dim, remembering. “Now, what was it? I had it in my mind when I started out this morning.” His hands began to tremble, and patches of red showed above his beard.

Poor old chap, he's on his last pins, thought the boss. And, feeling kindly, he winked at the old man, and said jokingly, "I will tell you what. I've got a little drop of something here that'll do you good before you go out into the cold again. It's beautiful stuff. It wouldn't hurt a child." He took a key off his watch-chain, unlocked a cupboard below his desk, and drew forth a dark, squat bottle. "That's the medicine," said he. "And the man from whom I got it told me on the strict Q. T. it came from the cellars of Windsor Castle."

Old Woodifield's mouth fell open at the sight. He couldn't have looked more surprised if the boss had produced a rabbit.

"It's whisky, ain't it?" he piped, feebly.

THE boss turned the bottle and lovingly showed him the label. Whisky it was.

"D'you know," said he, peering up at the boss wonderingly, "they won't let me touch it at home." And he looked as though he was going to cry.

"Ah, that's where we know a bit more than the ladies," cried the boss, swooping across for two tumblers that stood on the table with the water-bottle, and pouring a generous finger into each. "Drink it down. It'll do you good. And don't put any water with it. It's sacrilege to tamper with stuff like this. "Ah!" He tossed off his, pulled out his handkerchief, hastily wiped his moustache, and cocked an eye at old Woodifield, who was rolling his in his chaps.

The old man swallowed, was silent for a moment, and then said faintly, "It's nutty!"

But it warmed him; it crept into his chill old brain—he remembered.

"That was it," he said, heaving himself out of his chair. "I thought you'd like to know. The girls were in Belgium last week having a look at poor Reggie's grave, and they happened to come across your boy's. They're quite near each other, it seems."

Old Woodifield paused, but the boss made no reply. Only a quiver in his eyelids showed that he heard.

"The girls were delighted with the way the place is kept," piped the old voice. "Beautifully looked after. Couldn't be better if they were at home. You've not been across, have yer?"

"No, no!" For various reasons the boss had not been across.

"There's miles of it," quavered old Woodifield, "and it's all as neat as a garden. Flowers growing on all the graves. Nice broad paths." It was plain from his voice how much he liked a nice broad path.

The pause came again. Then the old man brightened wonderfully.

"D'you know what the hotel made the girls pay for a pot of jam?" he piped. "Ten francs! Robbery I call it. It was a little pot, so Gertrude says, no bigger than a half-crown. And she hadn't taken more than a spoonful when they charged her ten francs. Gertrude brought the pot away with her to teach 'em a lesson. Quite right, too; it's trading on our feelings. They think because we're over there having a look round us we're ready to pay anything. That's what it is." And he turned towards the door.

"Quite right, quite right!" cried the boss, though what was quite right he hadn't the least idea. He came round by his desk, followed the shuffling footsteps to the door, and saw the old fellow out. Woodifield was gone.

FOR a long moment the boss stayed, staring at nothing, while the gray-haired office messenger, watching him, dodged in and out of his cubbyhole like a dog that expects to be taken for a run. Then: "I'll see nobody for half an hour, Macey," said the boss. "Understand? Nobody at all."

"Very good, sir."

The door shut, the firm, heavy steps recrossed the bright carpet, the fat body plumped down in the spring chair, and, leaning forward, the boss covered his face with his hands. He wanted, he intended, he had arranged to weep. . . .

It had been a terrible shock to him when old Woodifield sprang that remark upon him about the boy's grave. It was exactly as though the earth had opened and he had seen the boy lying there with Woodifield's girls staring down at him. For it was strange. Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep for ever. "My son!" groaned the boss. But no tears came yet. In the past, in the first months and even years after the boy's death, he had only to say those words to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him. Time, he had declared then, he had told everybody, could make no difference. Other men, perhaps, might recover, might live their loss down, but not he. How was it possible? The boy was an only son. Ever since his birth the boss had worked at building up this business for him; it had no other meaning if it was not for the boy. Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could he have slaved, denied himself, kept going all those years without the promise for ever before him of the boy's stepping into his shoes and carrying on where he left off?

AND that promise had been so near being fulfilled. The boy had been in the office learning the ropes for a year before the war. Every morning they had started off together; they had come back by the same train. And what congratulations he had received as the boy's father! No wonder; he had taken to it marvelously. As to his popularity with the staff, every man jack of them down to old Macey couldn't make enough of the boy. And he wasn't in the least spoilt. No, he was just his bright natural self, with the right word for everybody, with that boyish look and



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SHE IS ACCLAIMED IN ENGLAND AS A GREAT
SHORT-STORY WRITER

H. G. Wells and other savants of letters pronounce the late Katherine Mansfield a rare genius. She died recently in her early thirties.

his habit of saying, "Simply splendid."

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been. The day had come when Macey had handed him the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about his head. "Deeply regret to inform you . . ." And he had left the office a broken man, with his life in ruins.

Six years ago, six years. . . . How quickly time passed! It might have happened yesterday. The boss took his hands from his face; he was puzzled. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He wasn't feeling as he wanted to feel. He decided to get up and have a look at the boy's photograph. But it wasn't a favorite photograph of his; the expression was unnatural. It was cold, even stern-looking. The boy never looked like that.

At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad inkpot, and was trying feebly but desperately to clamber out again. Help! help! said those struggling legs. But the sides of the inkpot were wet and slippery; it fell back again and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed round it. Then the front legs waved, took hold, and, pulling its small sodden body up, it began the immense task of cleansing the ink from its wings. Over and under, over and under, went a leg along a wing, as the stone goes over and under the scythe. Then there was a pause, while the fly, seeming to stand on the tips of its toes, tried to expand first one wing and then the other. It succeeded at last, and, sitting down, it began, like a minute cat, to clean its face. Now one could imagine that the little front legs rubbed against each other lightly, joyfully. The horrible danger was over; it had escaped; it was ready for life again.

BUT just then the boss had an idea. He plunged his pen back into the ink, leaned his thick wrist on the blotting-paper, and as the fly tried its wings, down came a great, heavy blot. What would it make of that? What, indeed! The little beggar seemed absolutely cowed, stunned and afraid to move because of what would happen next. But then, as if painfully, it dragged itself forward. The front legs waved, caught hold, and, more slowly this time, the task began from the beginning.

He's a plucky little devil, thought the boss, and he felt a real admiration for the fly's courage. That was the way

to tackle things, that was the right spirit. Never say die; it was only a question of . . . But the fly had again finished its laborious task, and the boss had just time to refill his pen, to shake fair and square on the new-cleaned body yet another dark drop. What about it this time? A painful moment of suspense followed. But behold, the front legs were again waving; the boss felt a rush of relief. He leaned over the fly and said to it tenderly, "You artful b—" And he actually had the brilliant notion of breathing on it to help the drying process. All the same, there was something timid and weak about its efforts now, and the boss decided that this time should be the last, so he dipped the pen deep into the inkpot.

It was. The last blot fell on the soaked blotting-paper, and the draggled fly lay in it and did not stir. The back legs were stuck to the body; the front legs were not to be seen.

"Come on," said the boss, "look sharp." And he stirred it with his pen—in vain. Nothing happened or was likely to happen. The fly was dead.

THE boss lifted the corpse on the end of the paper-knife and flung it into the waste-paper basket. But such a grinding feeling of wretchedness seized him that he felt positively frightened. He started forward and pressed the bell for Macey.

"Bring me some fresh blotting-paper," he said sternly, "and look sharp about it." And while the old dog padded away he fell to wondering what it was he had been thinking about before. What was it? It was . . . He took out his handkerchief and passed it inside his collar. For the life of him he could not remember.



SEVENTH HEAVEN

*A Play in Which a Star Shoots
From Gutter to Garret*

By AUSTIN STRONG

HELEN MENKEN and John Golden, star and producer respectively of "Seventh Heaven," by Austin Strong, have received more vociferous applause from the metropolitan critics than has the author of what is characterized as "a new melodrama of the Parisian underworld." The "newness" of the play, so far as the playwright is concerned, lies in his subtle and skilful treatment of a theme formulated by one of its characters: "It's what's inside of you—the idea—that makes you what you are." In other words, one has within himself moral resources which, if rightly developed through exaltation of spirit, innate confidence, the will to ascend, will lift him from the gehennan to the golcondan regions of life, even if, as in this instance, he can imagine paradise only as a garret he can call his home. And, as James Craig goes on to observe, in the New York *Evening Mail*, there is an intimation that these powers, no matter by what names their possessors may call them, are of the true essence of religion itself.

By way of trying out his theory the author sets the opening scene in one of the vilest slums of Paris.



HELEN MENKEN AS DIANE

It is populated by criminals and alley rats. Diane, the heroine, is a converter of stolen goods, probably a thief, possibly worse. Chico, the hero, is a sewer cleaner, so low that even a decent street sweeper will not condescend to dine with him.

But Chico (George Gaul), who calls himself an atheist, has grown so accustomed to believing himself a remarkable man that he actually becomes one. He rescues Diane (Helen Menken) from the clutches of an evil sister, Nana (Marion Kerby), who has beaten

and choked her into insensibility. He takes pity upon the poor girl, lying unconscious in a gutter, because her lot is so much more forlorn than his own. He proclaims her his wife to save her from arrest as a vagrant.

After this is set in motion a train of events which elevate Chico, Diane, Boul (Herbert Druce), a rascally taxi

AUSTIN STRONG, a native of San Francisco, is paradoxically described as a retiring as well as advancing playwright. He cannot be induced to live in New York for any continuous length of time, but prefers a residence, with a catboat annex, at Nantucket, Mass. He spent six years writing "Seventh Heaven," living much of the time in a Paris quarter which corresponds atmospherically to the scenes shown in this play.

Soon after its successful production in New York, Hubert Druce, in the part of the taxi-driver, Boul, fell ill. In the absence of any understudy, Austin Strong, who had never before acted in public, played the part with such success as to carry the play over a critical period. His best-known earlier play was "Three Wise Fools."

driver; Arlette (Beatrice Noyes), a barmaid; everyone, in short, with whom Chico comes in contact. Torn from Diane, on what was to have been their wedding-day, by the call to arms at the outbreak of the Great War, he imparts to her the secret of his own courage, which is faith in one's self.

It is not at the feet of Chico, however, that the play reviewers, notably Heywood Broun, of the *World*, place tribute, but at the capable feet of Helen Menken, as Diane. This critic confesses that she made him weep, and, applauding her artistry further, he says:

"In the first act we saw the character as a listless, beaten person, and then suddenly courage is born in her. She faces her old adversary, the sister who has terrified her with beatings, but this time she tears the whip out of her hands and lashes out until the woman runs for her life. As we saw Helen Menken race through this scene we believed it utterly. We would have been willing to believe much more. If Jack Dempsey had stood opposite the young girl with the square shoulders and the upraised arm we would not have given him a chance. She seemed a daughter of Jeanne d'Arc and John L. Sullivan.

"But we have no intention of creating the impression that Helen Menken is a sort of powerful Katrinka. She is a slim girl, with yellow hair and a pale

face. For an entire act she seemed to us quite colorless, and then she became this direct and driving thing. There was, for instance, a scene in which she tried to jump out a window. We felt that she really did want to jump and that she most certainly would have done so if two other characters in the play had not seized her in accordance with the requirements of the plot. But we would not like to shoulder the responsibility of either of these players. If they are just a little slow any night in moving toward her we feel quite certain that Miss Menken actually will dive through the back drop."

On the other hand, Percy Hammond, of the *Tribune*, has found it hard to sit through the play, and the *Evening Post* critic slept through all but the last act, which "kicked" him awake.

The thread of the story is to the effect that Nana and her younger sister, Diane, tired of French village life in the home of an intensely religious uncle, Georges Vulmir (Harry Forsman) and Aunt Valentine (Isabel West), ran away to Paris, where they fall into evil ways.

In a slum-street of the French capital, where Nana and Diane make their rendezvous, appears one Colonel Brissac (Frank Morgan), a high city official, accompanied by an attorney employed by the uncle and aunt to locate their nieces. In their wake pres-



HE LOOKS MORE LIKE A SKIPPER OR A CHAUFFEUR THAN A PLAYWRIGHT
In fact, Austin Strong, author of "Seventh Heaven," is more at home on his catboat *Typhoon* in a Nantucket gale than on Broadway.

ently appear the old uncle and aunt, bewildered on finding themselves in such a sinister place.

Diane, alone in the street, recognizes them, and there is an emotional scene interrupted by the vulpine Nana, who tries to be ingratiating and, undaunted by their frozen faces, glibly asserts to her uncle, Georges Vulmir, and his wife, Valentine:

NANA. Uncle Georges, you've no idea how hard it's been to keep decent in a place like this.

VALENTINE. We understand, by dear.

NANA. But we have kept decent, haven't we, Diane? (*Diane does not answer and Nana hurries on.*) Poor child, she knows how we've struggled; how I've had to fight every step of the way to keep flesh and bone together—and to protect Diane. It's well you came in time.

VALENTINE. We had faith in you. We knew the good blood of our family would keep you from harm.

DIANE. But it hasn't.

NANA. Diane!

VULMIR. What's that?

DIANE. I said it hasn't kept us from harm!

NANA. Don't listen to her. She always imagines she's done wrong.

DIANE. What's the use? Lies, lies. You'd only find out sooner or later.

NANA. She doesn't mean that, Uncle Georges, she just imagines things.

VULMIR. Be quiet, you. I want the truth, Diane, the truth!

DIANE. We've not been good. We've not been good.

VULMIR. I knew it. I feared it all the time.

VALENTINE. Wait, Georges. Of course you're right, but—

VULMIR. Curse this Sodom and Gomorrah! Curse both of you! Why, you—

VALENTINE. Georges, please don't be angry.

VULMIR. Come away from here.

NANA. Please, Uncle Georges, let me explain.

VULMIR. Valentine, do you mean to disobey me?

VALENTINE. No, Georges, of course not, but—

VULMIR. Then do as I command. Not another word from you, I tell you—not another word. Come away, Valentine, come away!

He pulls Valentine from Diane and drags her down the street, weeping and protesting inarticulately. Throwing her head back, Nana looks at Diane, who, in terror, collapses. Nana goes to her, deliberately grasps her by the hair, pulls her screaming to her feet, and proceeds to choke her.

Boul, the taxi driver, taking his ease in a neighboring wine shop, rushes forth at the sound of Diane's shrieks. Suddenly an iron trap opens in the street and up from the sewer, like an apparition, appears a gay youth—debonair and smiling—as he blinks like a jolly bat. He is a great man, this Chico—a "very remarkable fellow," as he himself admits. In a trice he pries apart Nana's fingers and calmly holds her suspended over the manhole while she screams for mercy. With a laugh Chico releases her and she scuttles into the shadows.

Chico removes his coat, grinning but puzzled, for he has strange thoughts inspiring him to stranger deeds.

CHICO. Now, I ask you, comrade Boul, why the devil did I do that? It's no affair of mine. I am always doing the thing I don't want to do. Every time I come up out of the sewer I get into trouble.

BOUL. You saved her life, Chico.

CHICO. What good is it? Why have I saved a creature like that? A thousand times better for everyone if she were dead.

Out of the hole climbs a little weazened creature called the Sewer Rat, Chico's assistant, bearing in a canvas bag their evening supper. All three sit contentedly down upon the curb to eat. Diane, half-fainting from her encounter, is dragged from her resting place on the running-board of Boul's taxi and forced to listen to a strange discourse in which Boul is trying to convert Chico, the atheist, to religion. Chico demands that if there were a "Bon Dieu" why should there be so many wars and troubles and the making of disagreeable people? "Oh, no," laughs Chico. "I am a very remarkable fellow and understand it all

perfectly. It is the Idea that you put inside of you. You alone have the power to make yourself what you will."

"Have you ever prayed?" Boul asks.

"Prayed?" replies Chico. "I've prayed so long and so loud that unless your Bon Dieu was deaf he must have heard me! I prayed three times—buying the largest candle I could find. I paid five francs for each of them. First I wanted to be a street-washer—to get out of the sewer and up here among people and sunshine. Then I prayed for a good wife with yellow hair. And last, for an experience that would make a grand gentleman of me, so that I might freely jump into a taxicab and make the Grand Tour. I'm an atheist because I *was* religious!"

The sacristy door of the Church of the Heavenly Angels opens in the background and Père Chevillon, a jolly little priest, coming out overhears Chico proclaiming himself an atheist. He recognizes in Chico the man who once saved his life from under the wheels of an omnibus. It is within his power, he tells the astonished Chico, to grant at least one of his wishes and he gives him the card that makes him a street-washer.

Chico at last is a man of position! For years he has been snubbed by the great Maximilian Gobin, whose pride in his position of street-washer has given him the right to look down on a sewer-man. Now he may call Monsieur Gobin "comrade!"

Diane, who meanwhile has been lying in the gutter, discovers Chico's knife on the ground. Slowly she reaches for it and is about to stab herself when Chico disarms her.

CHICO. Hey, what the devil are you doing there?

DIANE. No—no—don't stop me!

CHICO. Let go.

He stands away, breathing heavily, staring at her as, shaken with emotion, she collapses, her head on the curb. Chico wipes the cold sweat from his hands and neck. After a short pause, he speaks softly, in a hushed voice, half to himself as in a dream.

CHICO. To think you meant it! It is a terrible thing to do.

DIANE. (*Suddenly on her feet.*) Give it back to me!

CHICO. I like that! And with my knife! What did you take my knife for?

DIANE. You can't prevent me! I'll go to the Seine!

CHICO. Very well, then, go to the Seine! Jump off, then! Drown yourself, then! Lie in the morgue with a rope around your hair, then! What the devil do I care? Women like you sicken me—I spit you out!

Diane stands motionless. Chico goes hurriedly toward the wine shop, but something stays him. Pity wells up in him; he scratches his head.

CHICO. Why did you want to take your life?

DIANE. I can't go on.

CHICO. You mean—you don't like what you are?

DIANE. No! No!

CHICO. Your sister, eh? She's cruel.

DIANE. It's because I'm afraid.

CHICO. (*Gently.*) But you say you don't like this life!

DIANE. No!

CHICO. Well, if you don't like it, you're not bad!

DIANE. Why?

CHICO. I don't know why—but I know. You see, when you say you don't like it, it makes all the difference. I am a sewer man—as near nothing as a man can be—but I'm NOT nothing! You know, I have noticed that I am a very remarkable fellow! All my life in the sewer has never made me feel low. Sometimes I feel like a king—for no reason at all!

DIANE. There's no one you're afraid of?

CHICO. No one. Some day you stand up and fight your sister—

Their talk is interrupted by the police, who have picked up several women in their drag-net, among them Nana, who points out her sister to them. They question Diane and are about to take her with them when Chico protests and when roughly asked his authority declares magnificently that Diane is his wife! The sergeant is dubious, but when Chico shows by his card that he is now a responsible street-

washer the policeman is convinced, but not, however, before he has taken down Chico's address.

"To-morrow," he warns them as he drags the screaming Nana down the alley, "we will come to your house to see if you speak the truth!"

CHICO. Now, why did I do that? Oh, what have I done? Why did I say that?

DIANE. Don't worry; I'll go away.

CHICO. But you can't. They will look up the books—find no records—then they'll come to my address and find I have no wife! Oh, I am ruined! I shall lose the 'hose! THE HOSE! Oh, Mon Dieu, what have I done? (*He tears his hair.*) I shall have to have you for a wife! What a catastrophe!

DIANE. Perhaps you could let me stay with you till the police came—to prove to them you had a wife. Then you could dismiss me. I would go away and not trouble you.

CHICO. But how can we explain our marriage is not on the records?

DIANE. We can say we were married in—Italy—or Belgium.

CHICO. That's an idea, that. You have a great head.

DIANE. You have a great heart. (*She takes his hand to kiss it.*)

Three days later Boul receives a message to be at a certain address where he will be privileged to climb the six long flights that lead to Chico's "Seventh Heaven." Here he finds Diane mending Chico's jacket. He hardly recognizes the wilted, frightened creature of the cul-de-sac in this neat and smiling girl who runs to meet him so joyously. He tells her that Nana has been released from prison and has sent word that Diane must return at once to the cul-de-sac or she will come after her. At the name of Nana rises the old fear.

"Three days of heaven," she murmurs. "I knew it couldn't last."

Footsteps are heard. Chico arrives in a jovial mood—a white rose tucked behind his ear. In a large paper box under his arm is Diane's wedding dress. He explains why he is late—he had a difficult time proving to the Bureau that he was born. However,

he succeeded at last and has the marriage license and appointment at eleven o'clock for their wedding. He tells Boul that he will want the taxi at that hour to drive them to their wedding. Delighted, Boul departs, leaving Diane bewildered.

DIANE. You give me everything. I have nothing to give you, nothing!

CHICO. Don't say that!

DIANE. Do you really want to marry me?

CHICO. Yes.

DIANE. Why?

CHICO. I don't know.

DIANE. You're so strange—unlike anyone.

CHICO. That's true—there's nobody like me. I'm a very remarkable fellow!

DIANE. Oh, yes. But I don't understand—you say you'll marry me—but you—you don't—

CHICO. Well?

DIANE. Won't you say something?

CHICO. Say something! What?

DIANE. Just one word of—of love—to tell me you're not marrying me out of pity!

CHICO. You mean you want me to make love to you? I'd feel like an idiot to talk like that. (*Then, after a pause, reluctantly.*) Well, I'll do it just this once—no more! Come here! (*Slowly Diane goes to him.*) Well, it's this way: Chico—Diane—Heaven!

DIANE. Say it again!

CHICO. Chico—Diane—Heaven!

DIANE. Say it again!

CHICO. Chi—hey, stop that! What do you want, you? (*He laughs, goes to the table and pours out a stiff drink of cognac. Then he throws a handful of coins on the table between them.*) And another thing, young lady. You're not going to marry a poor man! See that! A month in advance! We shall have a picnic in the Bois to-night after the wedding that will live in history! I've invited all the hose and the whole sewer!

Gobin interrupts them. Diane exits in the direction of the Gobin sky-parlor. Whereupon Gobin draws Chico to the window and points to the gathering crowds in the street below. War is in the air and Gobin fears that the order for mobilization will come at any moment, in which case he and Chico

will have to go at once. Chico trembles at the thought of leaving Diane now that he has found her.

There is a scene, in which it develops that Colonel Brissac has it in his heart to make Diane his wife. He tries to explain to the excited girl that her aunt has agreed to take her back. He pleads with her in vain. Her thoughts are all on Chico. Bewildered, frightened, she goes to the door and calls to Chico. Brissac tries to tell her what he honestly believes himself—that Chico is unworthy of her—that he has thrown her over for a handful of money. Chico comes in slowly, with downcast face. The "grandeur" of her ancestry puts him out of countenance, but his manhood comes to the front when he denies that he has agreed to be "bought off" from marrying Diane. It was a misunderstanding. The girl reenters her "seventh heaven," even though it appears that Chico will have to leave her at once—as war has been declared and he is drafted. He, turning out his pockets, leaves her what money he has and an order for her—as a soldier's wife—to take his place at the hose when he is gone. He realizes that without the protection of his name she will be helpless.

CHICO. But this says "for your wife"—and you're not my wife. I have it! We will marry now—here!

DIANE. Yes. (She sees certain of her church emblems lying on the table.) With these!

CHICO. We will marry ourselves. I am an atheist, but this time I must appeal to something. It's a good idea—this Bon Dieu—if it were only true!

DIANE. How do you know that it isn't?

CHICO. Yes. I'll give him one more test. (He takes her hand in his and together they stand facing each other across the table. Looking up he says reverently.) Monsieur le Bon Dieu, perhaps You are here; perhaps not. Perhaps You give me this wife; perhaps not. But if there is any truth in the Idea of You, please make this a true marriage. (He places a chain with one medal about her neck.) I take you, Diane, for my wife.

DIANE. (Picking up another medal,

kissing it and giving it to him.) I take you, Chico, for my husband—forever!

CHICO. Now we're married!

DIANE. Yes. (He takes the medal she has given him, kisses it and puts it in his pocket. A blare of band music is heard in the distance.)

CHICO. Now I go!

DIANE. (In his arms.) I'm—we're not afraid!

He takes his leave, the door closing behind him, and Diane goes to it in an attitude of resignation colored by despair. Slowly the door is pushed open from without, forcing her back, and to Diane's horror Nana bursts into the room, her face livid with fury. Tearing the whip from her sister's hands, Diane lashes Nana in a frenzy of courage. Upsetting tables and chairs and running for her life, the whipped virago dives down the stairway and disappears. Diane rushes to the window and flinging wide the casement waves to the marching men below. As the bugles scream and the drums beat, she stands heroic, crying "Chico! Chico! I am brave! I am brave!"

Four years of war have come and gone. Through it all Diane has been sustained by the conviction that Chico is safe. In spite of the report that he is missing, in spite of never having heard a word from him she believes that he still lives and has kept his promise and will come to her in spirit every morning at eleven o'clock.

Arlette, the little pleasure-loving girl of the wine shop, has come to live with her. The two women work in the munition factory and share their meagre fare. Diane would be at peace even though she had never heard from her lover since he was reported missing, were it not for Colonel Brissac who, believing Chico dead, renews his attentions.

Through Arlette he contrives to pay the rent of their little garret and smuggle in a few comforts. There is a situation, in which Boul, the taxi driver, appears with sundry news from the trenches. Colonel Brissac comes in, pale and grave. He waves Boul

aside, having something important to communicate to Diane. She looks at him with growing dismay as he opens a package and lays several articles on the table. She stares at them incredulously, a tintype of herself and Chico which they had taken together; Chico's identification disc and—to break her heart—the little silver medal that made their marriage true.

Brissac tells her gently and with pity that Chico is dead. His orderly has reported his death in a Paris hospital and he has brought her these few possessions. Diane stares at the proof before her—dead! And yet—every day—at eleven o'clock—no, no! That was a lie, too. She springs to the window and would fling herself into the street, but Brissac catches her in time. He holds her close—this woman he has loved so hopelessly and long. Brissac is tenderly kissing her when Chico enters. He has been blinded in battle, is hatless, disheveled and in rags.

CHICO. Diane! Diane! (Slowly, as one who sees a ghost, Diane looks at him in dismay, sensing accusation in his tone. A hospital attendant rushes in.)

ATTENDANT. You shouldn't, Chico! You shouldn't have left the hospital!

CHICO. (Pushing him away in fury as he stares at Brissac and Diane.) Get away from me—get out of my way!

DIANE. Don't—don't look at me like that!

CHICO. (Groping for her.) Diane, where are you?

Diane, going to him, watches him closely; then slowly passes her hand before his face—he cannot see. With a great cry she drops to her knees.

CHICO. (Feeling her arms about him, draws her up.) Ah, chérie, my eyes are still filled with you! It's all true, and I thought the Bon Dieu had failed me. He has not, bébé. At the hospital they thought I was dead. But when I woke up—in Paris—near YOU—snake of snakes, they couldn't hold me! Death? Bah! I've been hit by every shell that's made; but nothing can kill me! I'll never die! And I'll see! They cannot keep me blind! Because it's all true, chérie—those big thoughts I had were the Bon Dieu, after all. He is within us—now that I am blind, I see that. I tell you, I'm a very remarkable fellow!

And the curtain falls.

PORTRAIT PUPPETS—A DRAMATIC INNOVATION

PEOPLE have had their portraits done in oil, in water-color, in ink, pastel, in clay and marble, or been photographed, but it has remained for Lilian Owen, of New York, to introduce the idea of portraits done in puppets. Imagine seeing an exact replica of yourself about two feet high, walking, bowing and gesticulating, with the added touch of drollery which is a puppet possession.

A number of prominent stage people have had these unique portraits made of them—here a miniature Irene Franklin, singing her famous "red-head" song; there an Al Herman telling funny stories in black-face, carrying a large cigar; here a Ted Lewis

with his saxophone, which the puppets played with humorous mimicry of its original; there an Ada Forman with aloof picturesqueness caught with startling veracity in the puppet which imitated her Javanese dances. James Watts, the eccentric female impersonator, has, among others, been puppeted. Miss Owen recently has made portraits of Paderewski and Harry Lauder.

Hettie Louise Mick, in *The Drama*, says that in presenting her early productions to audiences Miss Owen felt the need of an introduction by which the usual shock to human beings in the auditorium of adjusting themselves to the puppet world could be alleviated. It was to meet this need that she made



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A PIERROT AND HIS PUPPET REPLICA
 Showing Hamilton Condon, puppeteer and dancer of the Greenwich Village Follies, and the puppet made in his image by Lillian Owen.

her first puppet in likeness to a specific human being. Hamilton Condon, a clever dancer, and puppeteer of the Greenwich Village Follies, was at that time a member of her company. Dressed in the world-old costume of Pierrot, he appeared before the audience in front of the puppet curtain, with a few dance poses, banging a Chinese gong of musical tone, and pointing to the puppet stage with an air of mystery, hinting at the delights to come. He then dived through the proscenium opening, and for a moment all was suspense; then out walked a puppet, his exact image, and made an appropriate ventriloquial speech. The close likeness can be seen in the accompanying photograph.

Miss Owen, in telling how she conducts her "sittings" for these portraits,

says that "if the portrait is to be the likeness of one in stage make-up he comes to my studio and dons his make-up and takes various characteristic poses while I model the general facial likeness in clay. After I have got the facial likeness and caught an impression of the character of the person it is a comparatively simple matter to carry out the portrait in the actual making and dressing of the puppet."

Miss Owen holds the puppet record for New York production, having had four separate groups of puppets showing in as many different theaters on Broadway during the holidays. Her puppet of Jackie Coogan, handled and spoken for by Lael Corya, of the Stuart Walker Company, delighted many audiences of grown-ups and children during the last Christmas holidays.



DIANE (HELEN MENKEN) IS WHIPLASHED BY HER TERMAGANT SISTER NANA
(MARION KERBY)

It provides a dramatic scene in Austin Strong's new Broadway success, "Seventh Heaven."



THREE PARIS WORTHIES REJOICE OVER A WINDFALL OF CAVIAR
They are Boul (Hubert Druse), The Rat (Fred Holloway), and Chico (George Gaul) in John Golden's production of "Seventh Heaven."



A MELODRAMATIC MOMENT IN "SEVENTH HEAVEN"
In vain Boul (Hubert Druse) strives to separate Nana (Marion Kirby) and Diane (Helen Menken), while Chico (George Gaul) and Ariette (Beatrice Noyes) stand by.

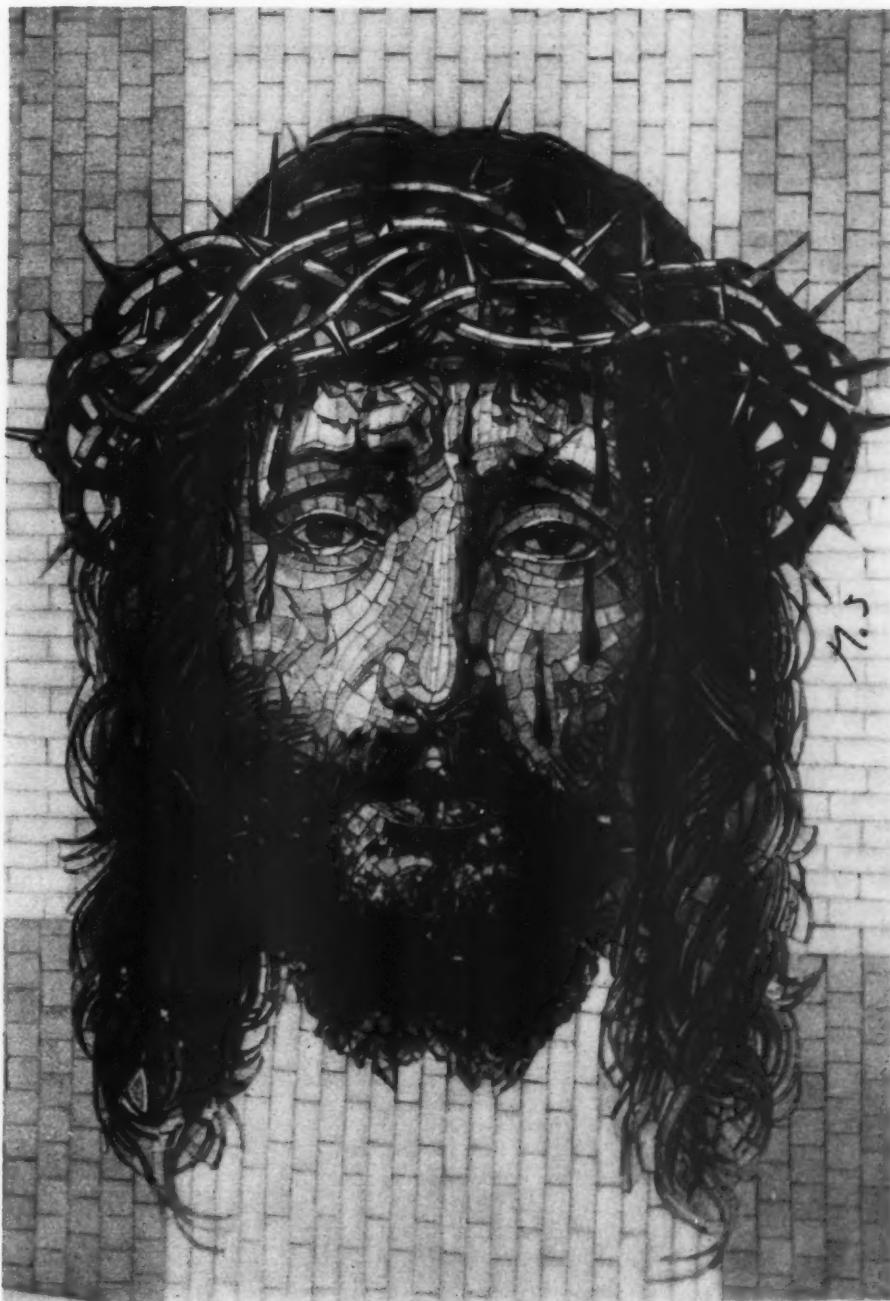


"THE CAST OF 'SEVENTH HEAVEN' IS A CURIOUS MELANGE
Clasping her soldier-savior Chico (George Gaul) is Diane (Helen Menken) in an attitude of adoration.



JANE COWL AS JULIET AND ROLLO PETERS AS ROMEO GIVE A MEMORABLE READING OF THE GREAT SHAKESPEARIAN TRAGEDY

The work of Miss Cowl in particular, in the Selwyn production of "Romeo and Juliet," is praised without a dissenting voice.



© Paul Thompson

REMARKABLE MOSAIC FEATURED BY THE INDEPENDENT ARTISTS IN NEW YORK
The Christ head is made of 4,361 separate pieces of colored tile, which took Ernesto Fabris years of
research and craftsmanship to fashion.



Courtesy of Kneeler

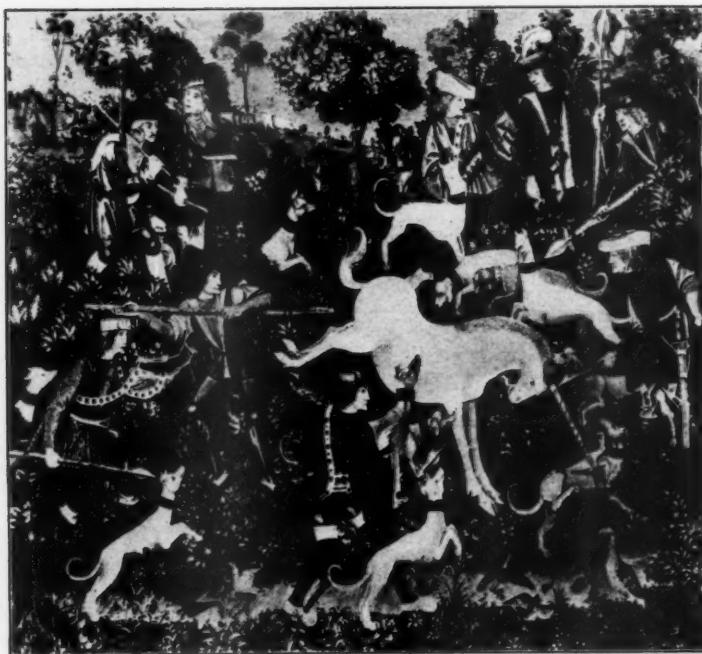
THE THREE GREATEST MALE SINGERS OF OUR TIME
Courtesy of Kneeler
This striking portrait of Titta Ruffo, Enrico Caruso and Feodor Chaliapin, painted in Paris by the Polish painter Tade Styka, has lately created a sensation in New York City.



Courtesy of Knoedler

A POLISH PORTRAIT OF POLA NEGRÍ

Tade Styka, who painted this portrait, is said to have contested with Charlie Chaplin the place in Pola Negri's heart that Chaplin finally won.



© Wide World Photos

TWO OF THE SIX GOBELIN TAPESTRIES REPORTED TO HAVE COST \$1,150,000
By purchasing in London these heirlooms of the ancient French family of La Rouchefoucauld, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., avoided paying Uncle Sam \$337,000 in duties.

RADIO AND THE THEATER

WHENEVER science registers another discovery it is a strange wind that does not blow somebody harm. The sewing machine in the factories made it possible for one person to do the work of fifty. Every labor-saving device has at first thrown some people out of employment. The gunmakers displaced the arrowmakers, the automobile manufacturers have largely supplanted the carriage makers. One could run down the list of inventions and discoveries and observe how every one of them did something to somebody.

What about radio and the theater? Broadway has expressed its panicky opinion that radio eventually is going to prove fatal to what little road business remains to-day—an opinion to which Charles D. Isaacson takes exception, in the *Theatre Magazine*. His is the expert opinion that radio is a decided friend, not enemy, of the theater. Having broadcasted some two hundred performances of fine music—concerts, recitals, opera, with the co-operation of hundreds of artists—he finds greater and more eager audiences pressing forward for admission to opera houses and concert halls than ever did before the day of radio dawned. The same applies to the phonograph, and "less, far less than the phonograph can the radio ever attempt to transplant the living theater." Then radio is what and where, with regard to the theater?

"Something fascinating, educational, a great hobby and superior home service, with the power to do immense good," says the writer in the *Theatre Magazine*. "Think of the millions who have listened to opera airs for the first time in their lives! Think of the millions who have heard speeches on intellectual sub-

jects for the first time in their lives! By all that is true, it must be admitted that millions would not walk across the street to an operatic performance or a lecture—but when the receivers are at their ears and they have nothing else to hear for the moment—they may be too lazy to take off the durned things—so they hear. And if you can only make enough people hear the good things often enough, they'll begin to want the good things everywhere. Keeping people away from the theater? No, radio isn't doing that. It's sending them—in the long run, it's the best little booster for the new ideals and hopes of the theatrical, musical and literary world that ever came into being."

The stability of the theater is further attested by the decided trend in the direction of legitimate drama, on the part of small towns and rural communities. Main Streets are reported to be tired of movies only and as wanting footlights and actors. There being no satisfactory professional companies available to supply them, the Main Streets everywhere are entertaining themselves by developing home talent.



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THE MOST FAMOUS PIANO IN THE WORLD COMES TO AMERICA

It was presented to Richard Wagner by King Ludwig of Bavaria, and was used by the great composer in creating his masterpieces. Robert H. Prosser, of the A. E. F., recently brought it to this country. Arthur Bodanzky, first conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is shown at the keyboard.



© International

SPANISH SOLDIERS SLAUGHTERED BY MOORS AT THE GATES OF MONTE ARRUIT
IN MOROCCO

The Spanish garrison surrendered after a long siege and, when disarmed, were put to the sword, only a handful escaping.

THE SPANISH MILITARY FIASCO IN MOROCCO

THE truth is coming out at last, in spite of a rigid censorship, about the secret war which has recently ended in such disaster and humiliation for Spain in Morocco. The wild tribesmen have obtained what amounts to an "unconditional surrender" from the proud kingdom of the Asturias. Captured Spanish soldiers have just been ransomed, after languishing for nearly two years in Moorish prisons. Damages and indemnities are being paid by Spain to Berber brigands, and a new policy of "conciliation" has been inaugurated.

In a hundred years there has been no defeat of a white and civilized nation which compares with this. Small wonder Spain has kept it a secret as long as possible. The whole affair would be almost comic if there had not been so many humble soldiers slain through the incompetence and corruption and cowardice of their officers. Even so the story of the last three years of Spain's "civilizing mission" in Morocco, now that it has leaked out at last, cannot fail to cause amazed laughter as well as horror.

By an arrangement between Great Britain, France and Spain, in 1912, the latter was authorized to extend her beneficent white man's influence over the Rif coast of North Africa, and likewise over Jibála. The capital of Jibála is Tetuan, and of the Rif is the thriving port of Melilla. These two portions of the Spanish zone have never been in communication by land, because of the hostility of the tribesmen of the interior, and all connection to date has been by sea. Though the final Treaty demarcating Spain's possessions was not signed until 1912, she had actually been occupying more or less of the territory and using it as a penal settlement ever since 1496.

After twelve years of active campaigning in the Rif, Spain by 1921 had "pacified" about five thousand square kilometers, at a cost of millions of dollars and many thousand lives. Iron mines had been opened. A nondescript railway connected half a dozen little towns which had been founded. Spanish peasants had been imported to farm the more fertile portions of the valleys, and Melilla had grown up into a bus-

tling colonial city of 50,000 inhabitants.

"For the defence of this territory," writes Walter B. Harris in the *Contemporary Review* (London), "there was maintained a Spanish army of 25,000 men . . . about 19,000 actually in the field."

In the late spring of 1921 these troops were started on a campaign to establish an overland route between the Rif, or eastern portion of the Spanish zone, and Jibála, the western portion. Then the trouble began.

The army was dependent for commissary and supply upon motor service over rough tracks, temporarily rendered practicable. There was no second line of defence, no reserves, no organization of the rear. In June the native police of Abaran mutinied, massacred their officers and some of the Spanish garrison, and went over to the enemy with all the arms, ammunition and supplies of the post.

On July 18th, 1921, Iguerriben was stormed by the Rifis and evacuated post haste by the Spaniards who abandoned all their arms and ammunition as usual. General Silvestre hurried to the fortified post of Anual, but the place had been invested, and after ordering its evacuation he remained with his staff to the end, smoking cigarettes, shaking hands and committing suicide with his brother officers to avoid capture. With the fall of Anual began the great disaster. The writer in the London periodical continues:

"From tribal village to tribal village the Rifis passed on the news of victory. From post to post the Spaniards learned of their defeat. From every mountain the natives poured down, and those who had no arms had only to pick them up from the ground. The whole Spanish army, in a state of panic, fled, and over the heated, almost waterless tracks of the Rif, began a retreat perhaps unparalleled in its horrors. Artillery, transport, entire camps, stores of arms and ammunition, were abandoned and the Spanish soldiers, young, mostly untrained, underfed and ill-clothed—in every way unsuited for warfare—fled to seek a place of safety. . . . General Navarro collected

what was left of the army, and, attacked on all sides by increasing numbers of the enemy, began a retreat towards Melilla.

"It is often in circumstances such as these—hopeless circumstances—that the Spaniards exhibit the admirable qualities that they have inherited from their ancestors of the Middle Ages—the Great Adventurers on sea and land. . . . With their numbers sadly diminished, 3,000 survivors reached Monte Arruit, on the Melilla railway, 30 miles from that town. . . . They dug themselves in as best they could amongst the houses of the little Spanish settlement. . . . By July 22d the Rif was lost to Spain. The garrisons of Nador, Zeluan and Monte Arruit were to hold out a little longer before they surrendered—and were treacherously massacred. In three days the Spanish army on the front—19,000 men with 130 guns, all their transport, arms, ammunition and stores—was lost. Their camps and fortified posts were all burnt, and five thousand square kilometers of country abandoned. Twelve years' work and sacrifice wiped out—and the Rifis were bombarding the town of Melilla with artillery captured from the Spaniards!

"On August 8th—a fortnight after the disaster—the Spanish Ministry resigned, and a new Government was formed under Señor Maura. . . . The Parliamentary debate opened on October 20th, 1921. Señor Luzaga referred in vehement terms to the organization and morality of the army. . . . He had just returned from a visit of inspection to Melilla, where, he said, 'officers whose pay was 600 pesetas a month have managed to spend 12,000. The captains in charge of their men—for in Morocco each captain directly catered for his men—'grow rich, but the soldiers starve. There is nothing in our administration but fraud and immorality.' . . . The Marques de Viesca followed. 'The only colonel who was at his post was Colonel A—, and it would have been better if he had been anywhere else on account of his surrender to the enemy.' . . . Señor Martinez-Campos, who had just returned from active service, stated what he had seen. The military hospitals were worse than prisons, the treatment of the wounded and sick deplorable. The priests attached to the army frequented the cafés and failed in their duties. . . .

"Speaker followed speaker, with long lists of scandals and accusations. . . .

The theme never changed—the corruption—the immorality of the officers in their treatment of Moorish women—and the sufferings of the troops. . . . In November, in reply to a bitter onslaught of Señor Ortega y Gasset, the Minister of War replied: 'Our troops had no preparation. Material was lacking. Our soldiers were incapable of fighting.' A few days later Count Romanones, the Liberal leader, stated: 'It was impossible to relieve Monte Arruit, but a glance over the *Annuario Militar* will show you that there were at that moment in Spain 871 generals, 20,600 officers, and that the cost of our army, 1921-22, is 1,172,000,000 pesetas (\$234,500,000).'

It was not until January, 1923, after a year and a half in the none too gentle hands of Abdul Krim, the Rifi leader, that General Navarro, and the soldiers and civilians (including a few unfortunate Spanish women) who had been captured with him, were finally ransomed and returned to the homeland.

Meanwhile the Rif was not the only scene of Spain's mortification. There was Jibála, where, if possible, Spain cut an even more ridiculous figure against the brigand Raisuli, who has been for years the head and front of resistance to Spanish rule.

About this picturesque figure, Harris asserts that: "From a youth of good birth and considerable learning, he became an outlaw and a brigand, and for years past has dominated an extensive mountainous region of northwest Morocco. His relations with Spain have been varied. Sometimes covered with honor, well paid, and much feared, he has been considered in Spain as a devoted adherent, but these periods have always ended in his determined opposition to the Spanish advance into the interior and in open warfare. . . . During the last three summer campaigns the Spanish troops had been slowly closing in on him. By July his stronghold at Tazerut and the Beni Aros tribelands were surrounded. His capture seemed certain. The attacking troops were given a day's rest before the final assault, which was ordered for July 26th. The Spanish posts were

in sight of Raisuli's house, which had already been damaged by artillery fire and by bombing from aeroplanes. During the afternoon of Friday, July 28th, the news was brought that the Spanish army in the Rif had met with an overwhelming disaster, and that all action was temporarily countermanded."

During the spring and summer of 1922 the desire for revenge in Spain evaporated. The overburdened Spanish taxpayer was tired of paying for the upkeep of 150,000 new troops which had been shipped into Morocco to reconquer the country. Several hundred Spanish soldiers and civilians remained prisoners in the Rif, and Raisuli had escaped just when his capture seemed inevitable. It was time for a change of policy on the part of the government.

Accordingly the policy of Conquest was replaced by that of Protectorate. Civil administration was to replace military action. "The days of mutual massacre were to cease," as Harris says, "and the Moors were to understand that Spain's intentions were most friendly, and that all she was doing, and had done, was for their benefit."

Irony can scarcely go further.

Negotiations had been reopened with Raisuli. His stronghold at Tazerut is now being rebuilt for him by Spain. His extensive properties have been restored, and a substantial income has been guaranteed him. The erstwhile bandit chieftain is once more His Highness the Shereef Mulai Ahmed, a pensioner and pet of the Spanish taxpayer.

By a tremendous effort Spain has reconquered some of the Rif, ransomed her troops, and bought off Raisuli. Faced with the inevitable she has determined upon a policy of conciliation. It is a catastrophe for white prestige of the first magnitude. If Berber and Rifi tribesmen could do this to one of the European nations, no wonder their Turkish cousins, backed by France, have dared defy the world. It will be many years before Spain recovers from the wound that has been inflicted upon her self-esteem.

EXCESSIVE LAWMAKING THE BANE OF AMERICA

VOICES of protest are being raised against the torrent of new laws which are deluging the country to the confusion of everyone, lawmakers included. Congress enacts them at the rate of one and one-third a day, four new laws every three days, eight per week. No subject is too minute, none is too difficult, none is too elusive, to be surrounded and smothered by legislation. Hundreds and thousands of these statutes become dead letters almost as soon as they are signed, but many others remain to plague their promulgators and the administrative officialdom which must make a show of enforcing them.

The Hon. A. Owsley Stanley, United States Senator from Kentucky, thinks that "busy, meddling, pernicious minorities account for this rampage of needless lawmaking." Many of the new laws are passed to create jobs for the faithful of the party in power, he declares, and not at all to improve conditions. Most of the 20,000 or more bills that were pending in the last Congress, most of which were not passed, will, he thinks, be introduced in the next Congress, and a glance at their headings shows that they represent a lust for inquisitorial power or for governmental favors (such as government assistance in plundering special interests, sections and classes of the community).

"There is not at this hour left a single 'inestimable privilege' or one 'inalienable right' mentioned in the Declaration of Independence and secured by the Constitution

which is not openly invaded or secretly undermined by some paternalistic project or subversive propaganda."

Senator Stanley served in the House of Representatives from 1902 to 1915, when he was elected Governor of Kentucky. He has been a Senator since 1919. His years as legislator and administrator entitle him to be heard with respect on the subject of the ex-



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A KENTUCKY STATESMAN WHO WOULD CURB OUR PASSION FOR ENACTING NEW LEGISLATION
Senator A. O. Stanley thinks that "busy, meddling, pernicious minorities account for this rampage of pernicious lawmaking."

cessive lawmaking which has become the bane of America.

At the beginning of an article which he contributed to the Dearborn *Independent*, he places a very effective quotation from Buckle (the same who wrote the famous "History of Civilization"), a saying which is already 75 years old, and growing truer every year:

"For five hundred years all advance in legislation has been made by repealing laws."

Senator Stanley continues: "While the fever for new and more law seems to have dominated the legislative thought of all the world, in no country has it raged with such violence as in America. . . . In this fever for lawmaking there lie many dangers . . . the undue exalting of government, and exorbitant growth in the cost of its operations; the depreciation of the individual and the appreciation of mere mass; the heightened potency of property over the human being; and, worst of all, insidious inroads on human liberty. . . .

"During the last ten years the appalling cost of a hundred different commissions, boards and bureaus, employing an innumerable army of deputies, inspectors, supervisors, spies and political parasites, has actually exceeded by 400% the total cost of the Federal Government for the first half of its existence!

"For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, the amount appropriated for governmental purposes (outside of the cost of the army and navy departments, pensions and the bureau for reduction of the national debt) was \$1,115,517,366, an increase of 500% since as recent a year as 1916.

"There seems to be no limit to Federal power and no bottom to the Federal Treasury. Acting on the preposterous assumption that national wealth can be multiplied by Federal taxation, Washington has become the Mecca of the visionary and the necessitous, each hour furnishing some new legislative

nostrum or some new means of harassing or plundering an outraged public."

While Senator Stanley seems to feel that organized minorities are mainly responsible for this deplorable condition of things, William Allen White, in a characteristically breezy article in the New York *Tribune's* Sunday magazine, declares that fear is the fountain-head of the legislative torrent and torment.

"Consider Congress a moment," says he. "Here it is: A hundred Senators—more or less—and four hundred Representatives dragged only too willingly from offices, stores, farms, shops and mines; some lettered, some selfish, some vain, some mad, some wise men and some fools; but all determined to hold their places in Congress against all comers. . . . This nondescript group of citizens faces a measure that is proposed as a law. The first impulse that moves most of the mob is fear; for which thank heaven. Fear more than wisdom keeps our statute books as lean as they are.

"This habit of getting almost religious consolation out of the mere passage of laws is beginning to tell upon people addicted to parliamentary government. The world is beginning to question the efficiency of parliaments and congresses. . . .

"Says Nicholas Murray Butler, who cuts rather an odd figure among the recruits of anarchy: 'There are laws that lead to lawlessness (possibly meaning prohibition, for which he has no taste), and there is lawlessness that leads to law,' referring to Mussolini's coup. . . .

"We are losing the obsession that parliamentary government is the end of all desire in the United States. . . . We have solved so few problems by governmental action in the last twenty years that it is a real question whether or not any real question can be solved by legislation. We have not solved the trust problem, the transportation question, the currency tangle, the business of marketing for the farmer, child labor, the minimum wage, nor any phase

of social and industrial justice. . . . We have done fairly well with pure food, the parcel post, and a few matters in which we have extended police powers with areas wherein enlightened conscience revealed old crimes in modern guises. But are the few solutions worth what they cost?"

This Kansas journalist and this Kentucky statesman are only two of many protestants against the activities of the law mill. The same discontent has been and is being voiced in numberless

editorials, speeches, books and letters. It is not confined to America. It is acute in many nations. The lawmakers do well to be afraid. If they are helpless in the clutches of organized minorities who maintain powerful lobbies, and color the press reports of the world, the public at least is not helpless, and will ultimately rouse itself to the task of sweeping reform. Whether that reform will tend toward more democratic or more autocratic government, remains to be seen.

AN INTERVIEW WITH "THE FIRST LADY OF RUSSIA"

IMAGINE the mistress of the White House, in Washington, being called in by an assistant in the State Department to interpret an interview accorded to a visiting Russian journalist, who was not on speaking terms with the English language! Yet that is a frequent service rendered, in Moscow, by Mme. Lenin, wife of the chief executive of the Soviet Government. She herself is Chief of Political Education in the Department of Education. The fact that the "first lady of the Soviets" is an accomplished linguist and is accustomed to act as interpreter is reported, in the *New York Times Magazine*, by Savel Zimand who, while in Moscow recently, sought an interview with M. Lunarcharsky, head of the Department of Education. M. Lunarcharsky was busy, and delegated his assistant to discuss with the visitor educational conditions in Russia. But one of them could not speak Russian and the other could not speak English. A secretary suggested: "We might have Krupskaya come up and act as interpreter."

"You mean the wife of Lenin?"

"Yes, of course I mean Mme. Lenin. She knows many languages."

Later the *Times* correspondent interviewed Mme. Lenin, describing her as a gentle, scholarly-looking person "who might be taken for an academician if

she did not have such a fine human touch." She had on a plain cotton dress and wore sandals. With gray hair roached back from a high, finely marked forehead, she looked to be a little over 50.

"I am," replied the first lady of Russia, when asked about her work, "a member of the Collegium of the Department of Education. I am also the head of the section for spreading political education."

"You will excuse my ignorance, but may I ask what is the work of your section?"

"Well, the 'Politprosiet,' that is how we call our department—the translation would be society for political education—is conducting a general campaign for that purpose. It organizes schools where illiterates are taught to read and write. It organizes Soviet party schools, teaching the literates political ideas. We are establishing libraries and reading-clubs. It is mainly adult education to which we are devoted."

"And you are supported only by the Department of Education?"

"We are supported by the Communist Party and by trade unions. In fact, we are in close touch with them."

"Have you made much progress?"

"We have made great progress," was her reply. "Of course it is very diffi-



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IN MOSCOW, RUSSIA, THEY CALL HER KRUPSKAYA
She is Mme. Lenin, wife of the chief executive of the Soviet
Government, and herself Chief of Political Education in the
Department of Education.

cult now. We have to save money, and we have to save even when it comes to spending for education. Our people want to study and I wish we could do all that we would like to reduce illiteracy."

"What is the percentage of illiteracy now?"

"A little less than it was before the revolution. But the percentage is quite high. Yes, very high," she added, with a sigh. "But we will come out all right. Our people want to study. The daughter of Leo Tolstoy, who cannot be accused as a Communist, tells us that the peasants of Yasnaya Poliana, in spite of all their hardships, sit up by bits of candle and study far into the night.

It is the situation of our industry which prevents us from helping all those who are striving so desperately for knowledge.

"We have used posters as a method to get the peasants interested in education. When some of the posters were first shown to me I said, 'Who will understand what that means?' They were futurist posters. You know, I don't take to such things easily. I guess I am a little old-fashioned in art. But later it was reported to me that the peasants understood. Whenever a poster was exhibited in a village they gathered around it and discussed it intelligently. They followed the poster. The great hardship is that we have not enough means. With more money we would all know how to read in Russia. Without money it will be a slower process."

Mme. Lenin reported her husband to be recovering from his recent breakdown, but "he has to take care of himself. He is resting three days a week. He does not work Wednesdays, Saturdays or Sundays. Please tell them

in America that we want to learn from the educational experiences of your country. We are anxious to know how America is solving her educational problems."

The interviewer fancies that the Leins have a cook. But that is about all. Mme. Lenin is devoted to work, and social business does not come in her sphere of life. Nobody makes much fuss about her and she never seeks popularity.

Mme. Lenin works and works and when "the old man" comes out on a big occasion to deliver a speech she sits in a corner, unassuming, and listens to what he has to say as a good member of the Communist Party.

THE DIFFICULT ART OF GIVING

THE head of the Carnegie Foundation, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, has lately made a statement so extraordinary as to challenge international attention. His statement involves the whole principle of what we are wont to describe as philanthropy, and, if accepted as accurate, might undermine that principle. "All giving," he tells us, "like all accomplishment intended for human betterment, cuts more than one way. Oftentimes the by-products of giving, even of giving to a good cause, result in social toxins which do enough harm to more than counteract the benefit that may come from the original gift."

Dr. Pritchett has come to this conclusion as a result of his experience as a trustee, and embodies it in the first complete report of the Carnegie Corporation, of New York, the trust created by Andrew Carnegie to support and continue institutions established by his wealth and to provide an endowment through future generations for what the trustees should consider the most important work of the time.

The report shows that a large share of the \$57,939,846 expended by the organization since its formation in 1911 has gone to the support and foundation of medical institutions. Among the institutions and organizations aided have been the University of Cincinnati, the Medical College (colored) of Nashville, Tenn., the American Child Hygiene Association, the National Health Council, the University of Toronto, Dalhousie University, the American College of Surgeons, and the National Board of Medical Examiners.

There has always been among economists a doubt as to the wisdom of trust funds, Dr. Pritchett reminds us. He continues:

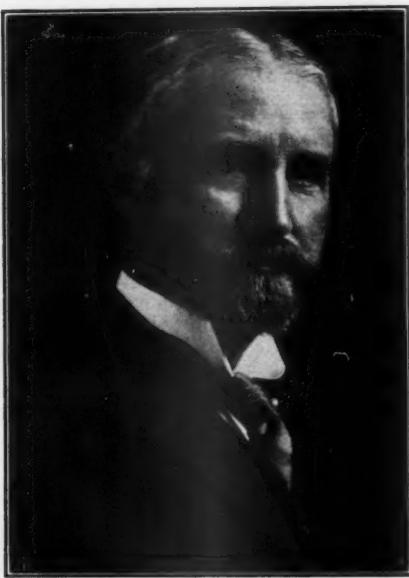
"It is fair to assume that there may be found a true function for the trust established by accumulated wealth which may justify its continued and indefinite existence. This problem is now being tried

out in the United States on a scale never before attempted in any country of the world.

"Even in the short experience gained in the last two decades, it is clear that some of the dangers pointed out by Turgot and others are not wholly imaginary. It may fairly be assumed that under any organization which is effected for the administration of such trusts the ultimate success will depend, in great measure, upon the leadership of those charged with the administration, and that the best the officers can expect from their trustees is the inspiration of their association and their discriminating judgment upon the proposals that may be made."

One of the dangers connected with trusts is the tendency to dissipate resources in mediocre projects believed to be essential by their supporters. "Men can sincerely believe this even when the chief function of the cause which they represent is to furnish salaries for those who conduct it," says Dr. Pritchett. "Some causes are exceptions, many are worthy, but the majority are commonplace."

Dr. Pritchett goes on to speak of two unanticipated by-products of the giving by the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations to the upbuilding of colleges. One is an "overemphasis on going to college." So greatly has the college idea been stimulated, and so continually has the college opportunity been held up before the youth of the country, that no door of opportunity seems open to the young man or the young woman except that of the college. "As a result we have to-day an army of youth pressing into the colleges so great that the colleges cannot deal with them efficiently." The second unanticipated by-product has been a tendency to transform the American college president into a soliciting agent. "Scholarly men to-day hesitate to take the place of college president, and they may well do so, because to-day the typical board of trustees is not seeking a scholarly president; it is seeking a president who can get money."



HE WARNS AGAINST THE PERILS OF
GENEROSITY

Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, head of the Carnegie Foundation, declares that "somebody must sweat blood with gift money if its effect is not to do more harm than good."

If he sounds a warning note, Dr. Pritchett tells us, he is prompted not by foreboding, but by a desire to make clear the dangers of public giving. The argument concludes:

"Whether a science or even an art of public giving can ever be developed is questionable. Some of those who have accumulated great fortunes have sought to devise forms of automatic distribution that would do good and not harm. None of these devices has ever succeeded for any considerable period of time. The fact may as well be faced at once that giving, whether in the public sense or in the private sense, will in the end involve a personal responsibility and a personal scrutiny. Somebody must sweat blood with gift money if its effect is not to do more harm than good, and this is equally true whether the giving be private or public, whether it be done by an individual or by a trust.

"The real tests of the great foundations that have been created in our country by generous-minded and patriotic men can be made only after a reasonable length of

time. More than one generation must pass before a thoughtful man will be in a position to assess the relative good and the possible harm that such trusts can effect. The best that those now charged with the responsibility of their administration can do is to see to it that there is a careful and conscientious scrutiny of the whole field, in order that, so far as possible, purely local and mediocre causes shall not be allowed to absorb the fund that should go to significant and fruitful enterprises."

All of which is indorsed by commentators in many parts of the country. We find, for instance, Hendrik Van Loon, author of "The Story of Mankind," expressing in the *New York Evening Post* his substantial agreement with Dr. Pritchett. He says:

"There seems to be a strange delusion abroad in the land which insists that all men are born free and with a constitutional right to a college education. It glosses lightly over such minor points as mental and spiritual preparedness. It frowns upon entrance examinations (except a mild form of idiots-test), and it demands that the doors of our seats of learning be opened enthusiastically to all prospective citizens, irrespective of race, creed or brains. It recognizes a certain difference of mental ability, but does not take this seriously. 'Look at Lincoln,' the followers of this creed exclaim; 'he never could have got into Harvard, and then think of all the loafers graduated by such places as Yale.' (Or vice versa.)

"If this nonsense of sending every boy to college were all it would not be so dangerous. But larger colleges mean larger budgets and larger budgets mean exactly what President Pritchett said when he expressed his regret at the modern order of begging friars entirely recruited from college presidents. The poor fellows have got to 'produce' or lose their jobs. No shekels, no increased efficiency. And without increased efficiency no boosting articles in the newspapers and no public approval from almighty State Legislatures.

"What was originally intended to be a pure stream of young enthusiasm, trickling brightly through the arid fields of our drab daily lives, has now turned into a broad sewer of incompetence and hasty superficiality."

THE CREED OF ENGLAND'S FOREMOST CHURCHMAN

DEAN INGE, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has been called a national institution. He is probably the most-discussed and most-quoted of living English churchmen. His influence is due in part to the position that he holds, but he has won the right to be heard on his own account. He is a learned man, as his academic career at Oxford and Cambridge proved. His mind is active and his scholarship exact, as his Gifford lectures on "The Philosophy of Plotinus" and his Romanes lecture on "The Idea of Progress" showed. He is heard, above all, by reason of his prophetic insight and courage, and he is loved even by those whom he chastens.

When the first volume of his "Outspoken Essays" was published, three years ago, the London *Times* prophesied that it would be read and studied fifty years hence, and Bernard Shaw described him as "our most extraordinary churchman, our most extraordinary writer, and in some very vital respects our most extraordinary man." A second volume, bearing the same title and published by Longmans, Green & Company, is attracting at the present time the same kind of eulogies. In the sense that it presents as its leading feature a "Confession of Faith" in which the Dean sums up the entire wisdom of his sixty-odd years, it may be said to be even more interesting than the earlier volume.

Dean Inge's position is that of the Christian Platonist, and the main thesis of his new credo is that "true faith is belief in the reality of absolute values." He opens his argument with a lively and witty exposition of the weakness of recent attempts, both physical and metaphysical, to solve "the riddle of the universe." He cites, without naming, "some American thinkers" who "are ready to accept an anarchic universe of free and independent spirits, among whom the Deity has less power than

the President of the United States." He takes a fling at Huxley; assails the doctrine that men are automata; and pays his respects to "the watered-down pantheism which is the creed of the English Neo-Hegelians." Then he says: "There is no escape from pantheism, and from a creed which, if not pessimistic, is without hope for the future and without consolation in the present, unless we abandon the doctrine of equivalence between God and the world, and return to the theory of creation by a God who is, in His own being, independent of the world and above it. This was the doctrine of the later Platonists."

It is not by "progress" that men



© Saturday Review

DEAN INGE CARICATURED

An English artist's impression of the churchman who has been so often described as "the gloomy dean," but who deserves to be called "the joyous mystic."

can live, according to the Dean. The idea of progress, "as an indisputable fact, as a law of nature," he brands as a modern superstition. "There is no probability," he goes so far as to say, "that the human race will either reach perfection or find the laws of nature much more conformable to its desires than now." What we need more than anything else is belief not in progress, but in eternal values.

The Dean proceeds to one of his fine definitions of mysticism, which rests, as he puts it, on the gallant faith of Plato that "the completely real can be completely known" and that only the completely real can be completely known. He tells us:

"Complete knowledge is the complete unity of knower and known, for we can, in the last resort, only know ourselves. The process of divine knowledge, therefore, consists in calling into activity a faculty which, as Plotinus says, all possess but few use, the gift which the Cambridge Platonists called the seed of the deform nature in the human soul. At the core of our personality is a spark lighted at the altar of God in heaven—a something too holy ever to consent to evil, an inner light which can illuminate our whole being. To purify the eyes of the understanding by constant discipline, to detach ourselves from hampering worldly or fleshly desires, to accustom ourselves to ascend in heart and mind to the kingdom of the eternal values which are the thoughts and purposes of God—this is the quest of the mystic and the scheme of his progress through his earthly life. It carries with it its own proof and justification, in the increasing clearness and certainty with which the truths of the invisible world are revealed to him who diligently seeks for them. Remembered revelation always tends to clothe itself in mythical or symbolic form. But the revelation was real; and it is here and here only that faith passes for a time into sight. Formless and vague and fleeting as it is, the mystical experience is the bedrock of religious faith."

More specifically, the Dean goes on to speak of the eternal values in terms of Wisdom, Beauty and Goodness. He says that these three are absolute "be-

cause they exist in their own right and cannot be made to mean anything else, not even to each other, and because they are eternal and unchangeable." We do not make them; they are above us. "It is rather they that make us immortal and blessed if we can lay hold of them and live in them."

So far the argument follows the line of Plato's thought, sublime, but abstract and, as some may feel, altogether too remote from average experience. It needs the indispensable complement of the Christian revelation. Dean Inge declares:

"I believe that the Christian revelation puts the keystone in the arch, and completes what the long travail of the human spirit, during many centuries of free and unfettered thought, had discovered about the nature of the world in which we live, the laws of God and the whole duty of man.

"The Incarnation and the Cross are the central doctrines of Christianity. The Divine Logos, through Whom the worlds were made and Who sustains them in being, is not exhausted in His creation, but remains transcendent as well as immanent in it. In the world He manifests Himself as vital Law in the course of nature, the directing Wisdom celebrated in the later Jewish literature; as Beauty, everywhere; and as Love. Love is a personal thing, called out by persons, and exercised by persons. 'We love God because He first loved us.' Neither natural law nor the beauty of the world suffices to manifest or call forth the love which binds together man and his Creator. Nor would any display of almighty power for our sakes evoke it. So far as I can see, nothing but a personal Incarnation, and the self-sacrifice of the Incarnate, could either adequately reveal the love of God for man, or call forth the love of man to God. No doubt the Incarnation is also a revelation of universal spiritual law. The 'whole process of Christ' is and was meant to be a dramatic representation of the normal progress of the soul. So St. Paul felt it to be. As Christ died and rose again, so we, as members of His mystical body, are to die to our old selves, and to rise again clothed with 'the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.' "

COUË REESTIMATED IN THE LIGHT OF HIS VISIT

THE chief result of Emile Coué's recent visit to the United States has undoubtedly been to strengthen his hold on the popular imagination and to give a new importance to his theory of autosuggestion. There is something amazing about the way in which his fame has grown. Tributes paid to him by Edison, Henry Ford and Mary Garden have been more prominent, but no less significant, than testimonies of unknown men and women who have derived benefit from his ministrations. Six thousand patients are said to have clamored for admission to his clinics; of these he was only able to treat two hundred and fifty. Coué institutes are in process of formation in New York and other American cities. A new book, "My Method," containing the *verbatim* report of the lecture that Coué has been delivering in this country, has been published by Doubleday, Page & Company. His teachings are still being carried to multitudes in a moving-picture film for which he posed just previously to his return to France.

For once, mystic and scientist, visionary and business man, radical and conservative, seem disposed to agree. Even those who stress what they feel are the limitations of Coué's doctrine admit that much good, and no harm, can come from lives keyed to his formula: "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better."

The quintessence of the Coué idea may be summed up in his thought of the supremacy of the imagination. What he says, in effect, to people who suffer and who want to conquer their suffering, is: "Do not use your *will*! Do not use your *conscious* mind at all! Make no struggling *efforts*! All these things hinder and get in the way. It is the *subconscious* mind that cures, *not* the *conscious*, it is the *imagination* that does it, not the *will*."

It is all as simple as that, and results are achieved. Mr. Robert Littell, of the *New Republic*, joins hands with Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, of the *Popular Science Monthly*, in proclaiming that the principle is sound. "The more one listens to M. Coué," Mr. Littell says, "the more one likes him." Dr. Bowers adds: "Science must accept the fact that functional and nervous disorders *will* often succumb to autosuggestion and that Coué's sudden world-wide fame is justified because he has brought us a novel technique for effecting such cures."

Dr. James J. Walsh, of Fordham College, is no less enthusiastic. He uses medicine; he has written a book entitled "Health Through Will-Power"; but he has no objection to the Coué method. He records (in *America*) his conviction that autosuggestion is sure to do good for neurotic patients. "Under Coué," he goes on to say, "the patient does not have to indulge in sex curiosity nor yet give up his intelligence and accept the idea that there is no such thing as disease in the world in order to be cured." This Roman Catholic tribute deserves to be linked with an article by George R. Dodson in the Unitarian *Christian Register*. "To follow Coué's plan," Mr. Dodson writes, "is only to do what religion has always recommended—namely, to worship passionately the finest, most beautiful ideals, to meditate on them day and night, to engage in the adoring contemplation of truth, beauty and goodness, to give one's self to love, then to trust God and live without fear, assured that no harm can come to a good man in life and that in death he sinks into the everlasting arms. This is to keep the victorious tone, and to live in the golden age that never leaves the world."

The Socialist leader, Scott Nearing, makes another point in favor of autosuggestion when he points out that we



COUÉ AND STANISLAVSKY

This sketch of the apostle of autosuggestion explaining his ideas to the Russian actor was made by Carlene Bowles Murphy for the *New York Times*.

are all seeking freedom from internal conflict. "Liberation," he says, in a lecture on "Couéism" reported in the *New York Call*, "takes two forms—the freeing of the individual and the freeing of the community." He continues:

"A community in harmony is a community where people live together with a minimum of friction; an individual in harmony is one whose organs are working together properly and whose mental state is free. What each of these groups is trying to do is to establish that kind of internal harmony. Insofar as they succeed in doing that they are eliminating many of the physical and mental illnesses. Doctors do something, but they cannot cure the physical and mental derangements that arise, not from a germ, but from the failure of the system to work.

"All of these healers work on the mind, and on the body through the mind. I see society growing to a stage where people think more about what is going on, think more and more about the mental, rather than the physical. The range of mental power is greatly augmented in the ordinary affairs of life. No person can live in the present generation and not realize that there is a tremendous upheaval which betokens an effort to get a grip on the unconscious and to get hold of a new source of power."

The practical man's attitude toward Couéism is well expressed in an edi-

torial in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which calls attention to the fact that almost all of us practice autosuggestion all the time, though we may not use the words.

"You say in the morning, quite possibly to your business partner, 'It would be a wonderful afternoon, this afternoon, for golf,' and he snorts and replies, 'With all these orders on hand! You're crazy!' And at 1:30 P. M. he stands over you and says, 'Come on, we haven't any time to lose.' That's the way it works on others. Autosuggestion is playing the same game with yourself, by saying casually, 'I'll do so and so to-morrow.' And when to-morrow comes, just this preadjustment makes you want to get your teeth right into it. All successful workers use it more or less. You just kid yourself along in advance."

All this being so, how does M. Coué's method differ from ordinary autosuggestion as we use it unconsciously? Does it lie in his merely being able to speed up this law? The *Post* replies:

"Not quite. It lies in the fact that before M. Coué had begun to practice his cure the subjective mind had been invented. Now the subjective mind has been written about by many psychologists for many years, and has gone by various names. It has been called the subconscious mind, the unconscious mind, and now it is generally referred to by the latest writers as the unconscious. Nothing very definite was known about the inside machinery of the unconscious for a long time, although some of its results, such as double personalities, had been recorded by a number of physicians. Something more than a decade ago, however, Sigmund Freud, an Austrian physician, and a pupil of the celebrated Charcot, announced his theory of dreams, which was that every dream is an unfulfilled wish, and this led to the science—or pseudo science, as you like—

of psychoanalysis. It is not necessary here to go into psychoanalysis. It is only necessary to say that Freud put the unconscious on the map in such a way that it could be defined—not clearly defined, but enough so that its workings were formulated. In short, the conscious mind is assumed to be like the chauffeur who sits up and changes gears, and the unconscious is like the engine inside that makes the car go, and which may back you into another car, may plunge you over a stone wall, or may run you smoothly along the great highway, so that when you step on it you are going without effort at the limit of speed and at the same time are using less gas to the mile than if you were fretting along on low or second.

"Or your unconscious—so far as mere proportions are concerned—is said to be like the submerged part of an iceberg; compared with your conscious mind it is fully three times as big. And it has all the power in the world, so long as you don't try to drive it, but just keep repeating to it, without will or effort, anything you want it to do. You assume that the thing is done, and it is done.

"If you are suffering from a pain in your stomach you don't say 'Pain, pain, go away, come again another day,' but you do say—so rapidly that your will cannot interrupt: 'It is passing, it is passing,' about twenty times—and the pain is so ashamed of itself that it sneaks off, never to return."

FEDERAL LEGISLATION URGED TO MEET OUR MARRIAGE CRISIS

THE Capper bill on marriage and divorce, recently presented in the Senate, may have the effect of bringing to fruition a movement that goes back thirty years.

In 1893 a Congress of Mothers, with Elizabeth Cady Stanton as their spokesman, tried to persuade our national legislators to enact a Federal Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law.

Twelve years later, President Roosevelt, in a message to Congress, advocated such a law, and Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, summoned delegates from all the States to draft it, with the result that a uniform law was adopted by Delaware, New Jersey and Wisconsin.

At the present time, the agitation in behalf of a uniform law, pushed more intelligently and vigorously than ever before, has the backing of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; of leading women's magazines, such as the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Pictorial Review*; of the American Bar Association; of the National Education Association, and of dozens of other organizations.

This movement coincides with a period during which the marriage problem in the United States may be said

to have reached something of a crisis. In 1922 more than 1,000,000 marriages were entered upon the national records. During the same year the divorce mills ground out more than 125,000 decrees. This means that one out of every eight marriages in this country now ends in



HE WANTS A FEDERAL UNIFORM MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAW

Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, is working now "to reduce the number of divorces" and "to make marriages lasting."

divorce. The rapidly mounting rate of divorce, which far outstrips the rate of increase in population, may be traced in a table compiled from national census figures by Ishbel Ross and presented below.

Miss Ross has been showing, in a series of articles written for the *New York Tribune*, that the United States has won an unenviable primacy in this matter of divorce. Our only serious rival is Japan, which averages about one divorce to every nine marriages. France comes next with one to fourteen. Great Britain has fewer divorces than any other country.

The issue involved, however, is not merely one of divorce; it includes the

matter of uniformity. Miss Ross declares:

"Every State in the Union is like a separate country on this issue. There are the problems of race, sentiment, economics, ideals and geographical situation to be taken into consideration. South Carolina alone of all the States is without divorce legislation of any kind. Its Senators say it does not want divorce and would fight against it if it became an issue. New York State leads all the rest with the stringency of its divorce laws. In New Hampshire there are fourteen grounds for divorce. Between these extremes the States offer a variety of opportunities for the dissolution of the marriage tie, and Reno, Nev., continues to be the Mecca of thousands of prospective divorcees and divorcees."

The Capper bill is intended to correct all this. It forbids, in every State of the Union, marriage of imbeciles, the insane, feeble-minded, epileptic, paupers, those afflicted with tuberculosis or venereal disease, of the blacks and whites, or of those related within and including the degree of first cousins. It makes marriageable age, with consent of parents, sixteen for girls and eighteen for boys, and legal age, without consent of parents, eighteen for girls and twenty-one for boys. It allows divorce for the following causes and no other: adultery, cruel or inhuman treatment, abandonment or failure to provide for a period of a year, incurable insanity, and the commission by either party of an infamous crime. A divorce which is granted in one State is, of course, to be recognized in all States.

This bill will require a Constitutional amendment before it can become effective. It does not create a federal bureau at Washington; its enforcement is left to the States. It is "admittedly conservative," according to Senator Capper. He adds: "The first consideration is to answer the need for uniform laws, to make it unnecessary and impossible for a person to go into another State to get divorced because the law there is more liberal."

**20 YEARS OF DIVORCE IN THE
UNITED STATES**

Years.	Divorces.
1900	56,371
1901	61,698
1902	62,109
1903	65,263
1904	67,086
1905	68,901
1906	72,786
1907	77,636
1908	81,579
1909	85,199
1910	91,638
<hr/>	
Ten-year total.	733,895
<hr/>	
1911	94,622
1912	100,927
1913	106,053
1914	110,759
1915	115,879
1916	114,036
1917	120,243
1918	124,928
1919	129,496
1920	132,753
Ten-year total.	1,149,696
1901-1920, 20 years, total divorces	1,883,591
Two persons to each divorce	2
<hr/>	
Parties to divorces as plaintiff and defendant	3,767,182
Children named in such decrees, minors, mostly under 10 years old, reckoned at 7 to every 10 divorces	1,318,514
Total damaged goods of the divorce courts	5,085,696

SCIENCE IS SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF COLD LIGHT

THE time is at hand for cold light to register joy on the thermometers that tell of torrid summer nights. While scientists are growing gray trying to fathom the wherefore of the glow in a firefly, nature is ceasing to laugh up her sleeve and retreating to those sand-strewn caverns, the roofs of which give off the precious cold, vari-colored rays that light her many tasks.

Recently was published a report that Professor E. Newton Harvey, of Princeton University, had made rapid strides in discovering how to produce cold light. A New York *Times* representative, calling on him for results, has been shown cold light made of nature's materials which illuminated a pitch-dark room.

"If we can succeed in artificially manufacturing the material I have in this mortar which nature has manufactured, then we are on the right road," said Professor Harvey, whose experiments, over a period of several years, have taken him as far afield as Japan and the East Indies, habitats of luminous fish and firefly capitals. In the East Indies, Professor Harvey came across certain shell-like forms, called cypridina, whose glands are described as factories which produce a most intense cold blue light.

In reporting the remarkable achievements of Professor Harvey, the *Times* writer says: "Here is a given material, something that will throw off light when oxidized. Mixed with that material as it is found in its physical form are other substances essential to the life of the living creature, but not essential to the make-up of cold light. The problem, then, is to separate the impure substances from the pure, or the life-contributing material from the light. Once you succeed in doing that, an analysis can be made of the elements which go into the making of cold light. When the scientist knows what

chemicals succeed in giving off a glow when mixed in proper proportions, the rest is easy. He can artificially make the chemical mixture that nature has made in the animal."

To make the point clearer, Professor Harvey spoke of the new discovery for diabetic patients. Injections are made of pancreatic juices of cows or sheep. These injections help the patient digest the sugar which otherwise his body cannot dispose of. To make the discovery of value to the world, it is necessary to chemically analyze the animal injections for the purpose of manufacturing the substance artificially.

Sugar is found in sugar cane and beets. It can be made in a laboratory without cane or beets because scientists know its chemical composition. That is what is needed in the cold-light problem—to know how to do the same job in a laboratory that a little animal does in a gland. It is all a matter of oxidation, said Professor Harvey.

In order to give the writer an idea of what the cypridina could do, Professor Harvey made the dead creature perform. He took a small white pestle and mortar and crushed hundreds of the dried bodies into a fine powder. Then he turned off all the lights in the laboratory until the room was pitch-black. In the dark he poured a little water into the mortar and continued stirring with the pestle.

Immediately a blue light made the mortar and its contents shine out of the dark. The inside of the bowl was illuminated and bits of concentrated blue light floated through the water. The concentrated bits, it was explained, were the glands or parts of the glands not completely crushed. The rest of the radiance was made by the powder. No heat of any kind was felt. In an experiment made to measure the imperceptible amount of heat it was found that the rise of temperature was less than one-thousandth of a degree.

LUMBER FROM THE WASTE OF SUGAR CANE

WOODLESS lumber, in boards twelve feet high and nine hundred feet long, nearly as high as the Eiffel Tower, the world's highest structure, has been produced at a plant recently erected near New Orleans, Louisiana. Trees do not produce these boards; they are made from the bagasse, the residue of sugar cane.

Bagasse, says *Science Service*, is what is left after the cane has been squeezed through heavy rollers for the purpose of extracting from it its sugar-containing juice. It is this waste material that is being converted into lumber. This bagasse consists of a mass of short pieces of the crushed and broken cane and it is filled with fibers of considerable length. It was for a long time wholly wasted, great piles of it being burned to dispose of it. Mark Twain in his "Life On the Mississippi" says that "bagasse 'fog' was the bane of the river pilot." More recently it has been used as fuel under the boilers of the sugar mills. But it contains so much moisture that its fuel value is very low, and it is so light and bulky that feeding boilers with it has been

very wasteful of labor, and it is now being replaced as fuel by oil and natural gas, which have been found to occur in this vicinity in abundance.

In converting it into lumber the bagasse is first cooked to destroy the decay-producing spores contained in it, then treated with chemicals to make it water-proof, then pulped in "beating machines" and then formed into a board which is compressed by passing through rollers into the continuous gigantic sheets which when dried are ready for use. Because of the long fibers existing in the bagasse the material is felted into a structure which is filled with air cells. Hence, the lumber is very light, weighing but three-fifths of a pound per square foot, and, because of the air cells contained in it, it is a very perfect non-conductor of heat.

It is composed of cellulose, as is wood, and it resists exposure to the weather similarly to wood. One ton of bagasse yields 3,000 feet of lumber and the waste from the cane fields of Louisiana alone, it is estimated, will yield over 750,000,000 feet per year.

REMAKING FUEL FROM CINDERS IN GERMANY

WITH the greater part of their coal resources, notably the Ruhr Basin deposits, held in chancery by the French, the Germans have hit upon the idea of conserving locomotive cinders and putting them back to work as fuel and brick. Special plants have been constructed in a dozen German railroad centers for treating cinders, the part still utilizable as fuel being separated from the slag and made into briquettes, the slag being used in the manufacture of brick.

Describing the process, in the *Scientific American*, a writer states that at

a large plant at Eidelstedt, a suburb of Hamburg, a tipping machine empties carloads of cinders upon a huge grate. Lumps too large in size are reduced until they pass upon the grate downward into pits. From these the cinders are raised by an elevator to the highest point of the plant and dropped into great revolving drum sieves that sort out the fine material (from dust to grains about four-fifths of an inch in diameter), while the coarser pieces pass over a sliding plane into a container. Through this latter water is run at high velocity and kept in a vibrating

motion by a mechanical shaker. Clinkers, having a high specific gravity, sink to the bottom of this container. The lighter particles of partly burned cinders and small bits of coke float on the surface and are carried off by the strong current. In this manner clinkers and cinders are separated. The coke thus sorted out passes on an endless belt transporter and is quickly picked off by workmen. Collected into heaps it is ready for sale and use.

Meanwhile the fine dust and small bits of cinders have been carried to large rapidly revolving drums equipped with magnetic apparatus. Magnetized steel bands run close to one another around the brass drums. Upon these bands the fine material culm and dust fall through small openings in a continuous trickle. The magnetized bands hold fast the burnt-out cinders and slag; these are brushed off further on in the machinery. But the magnetism of the steel bands does not affect those particles that still are combustible. These latter fall forward beyond the brass drums, being then cleaned and

sifted before they are ready for further treatment. They are placed in a mixing vessel and cooked to a tough paste after pitch has been added as a cementing material. The sticky hot paste is carried to revolving drums with openings about four inches in diameter. In these drums the paste is first compressed by short steel pistons, then expelled by another set of pistons. The finished product, fuel briquettes about the size of a man's fist, can soon be seen falling five at a time, steaming hot, from the two revolving drums upon a slide that carries them into the open and to the loading platform.

The plants in operation have a capacity for treating 420,000 metric tons of waste fuel in the course of the year. This would mean the reclaiming of 164,000 tons of good coke, with an average heating value of 5,500 calories. Besides, the 63,000 tons of fine coke-dust and culm yielded by the dry-magnetic process could be used, with the addition of coal-dust and pitch, to produce about 74,000 fuel briquettes, with a value of about 6,500 calories.

PIONEER HELICOPTER FLIES WITH TWO PASSENGERS

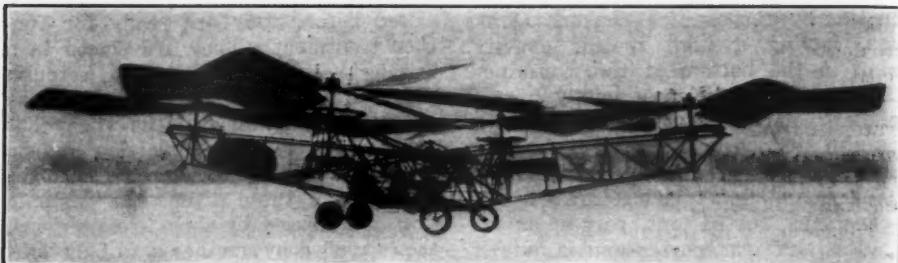
PRECEDED by fifty-odd trial flights and followed by a series of altitude and endurance tests, a helicopter, invented by Dr. George de Bothezat and piloted by Major Thurman H. Bane, accompanied by Arthur Smith, a civilian pilot, recently performed the pioneer feat of rising fifteen feet into the air at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, with two persons aboard. The flight was witnessed by a large number of air-service officers and aeronautical experts.

The weight of the helicopter, according to its Russian inventor, is 3,600 pounds when in flying condition. The plane is propelled by a 170-horse-power motor. The total blade area of 900 square feet is used to lift the machine in flight. There are four propellers,

each having six blades, as shown in the accompanying photograph. The diameter of the propellers is twenty-five feet.

The plane is described as being capable of rising vertically in the air and hovering over one spot. The descent is made straight downward. It can travel horizontally as well as vertically, and will glide to earth without danger in case engine trouble is encountered during a flight. It has one-third the windage of an average airplane.

The first flight of the de Bothezat machine was about two minutes and the highest altitude reached was ten feet. Later, reports the *New York Herald*, the helicopter arose about twelve feet vertically and remained in the air one minute and forty seconds. It subsequently ascended fifteen feet. Every



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HELICOPTER RISING VERTICALLY 15 FEET ABOVE GROUND, WITH TWO PERSONS ABOARD
It is the invention of Dr. George De Bothezat, a Russian, and the flight occurred at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio.

ascent and descent was made without the slightest outside assistance. The whole flight was steady and the landing very smooth. In the air it demonstrated the highest grade of inherent stability.

In order to appreciate the full meaning of these performances it is well to remember that the first airplane flight

made by the Wright brothers on December 17, 1903, lasted only fifty-nine seconds, and the airplane was launched on its flight by a special launching device invented by the Wright brothers. It also is interesting to note that the city of Dayton, birthplace of the first successful airplane, has now produced a record-breaking helicopter.

PEARLS AND MARBLE MADE TO ORDER

THAT both genuine pearls and a near-marble that can hardly be distinguished from the Carrara product are being made to order in great quantity is an interesting achievement of industrial science. For some years in Japan and elsewhere, pearls have been grown to order in oysters by the insertion into the shell of a bit of nacre to serve as a nucleus around which the mollusc deposits layers of pearl-forming matter. These caused quite a flurry, until it was found that the artificial center could be detected by experts. It is now stated, on the authority of the French Academy of Sciences, in their *Comptes Rendus*, that it is possible to produce pearls that defy detection. Some of them have been examined by M. Louis Boutan, of the Academy, and his startling report is thus summarized:

1. "Culture" pearls, identical at all points with genuine, natural pearls, can be produced by grafting into the mol-

lusc the pearl-producing sac without a nucleus.

2. The well-known Galibourg and Rysiger apparatus (by which the interior structure of pearls can be made visible) shows no difference between such pearls and naturally grown pearls, since there is no nacre nucleus to be revealed.

3. The assertion often made that culture pearls weighing more than six grains cannot be produced is incorrect, since the specimen pearl examined weighed over thirteen grains.

In the making of marble, says *Science and Invention*, the workman first lays a piece of oilcloth on a flat surface. Next he unravels skeins of silk of various colors—brown, black, blue, red and green—and forms them into a net. These he places, overlapping each other, on the oilcloth. He then places wet cement over them, the cement being of a certain kind manufactured only in England and costing \$36 a bag. The

silk nets are then withdrawn and washed in water, to be used over again until all the color has been extracted from them. Cement is mixed with the water in which the skeins have been washed and is then placed in the interstices made by the withdrawal of the silk nets, the cement being in colors.

The cement is then carefully smoothed until its surface is perfectly level. Over it is placed cheesecloth. On the cheesecloth is placed a layer of dry plaster. After a few moments the cheesecloth is rolled up with the dry plaster, which, like the silk, is used over again. At no stage of the operation is there waste. When the cheesecloth is removed there is revealed a slab of cement about the consistency of putty, in which there has been im-

printed all the colors of the silk nets, these colors having struck through from the bottom to the top. Two workmen, one taking each end, then lift up the oilcloth and carry it to the point where it is to be placed. Being still plastic, it can be molded into any shape, for a column, box rail, panel or any desired form. The whole operation has not taken more than twenty minutes.

Inverting the oilcloth, the workmen slap the front down on the base, and what few inches there may be over or under the desired size are easily subtracted or added. The surface is then smoothed, after which a workman with a graving tool goes over it and "cleans up" the color veins, eliminating ragged edges and making the surface present the appearance of natural marble.

SELENIUM, THE METAL OF MYSTERY

SCIENTISTS, in experimenting and perfecting the apparatus for photographic transmission by wire or radio, base their operations on a substance, little known to the layman, that is called selenium. Its exact nature is not known—some say and some deny that it is a metal. It occupies a place in the scale of elements between sulphur and tellurium. But whatever it may be, it possesses a property of electrical resistance varying with the intensity of light to which it is exposed.

Selenium, say Kenneth M. Swezey, in the *Radio Globe*, is produced in two different forms: in rods and in powder. They are of different colors—reddish-brown and black. When melted it has the consistency of sealing wax, and is of shiny black. When it is in this condition it is practically a non-conductor, but by passing through a chemical process it will change in color and become partially conductive, and will be very sensitive to changes in light. That is, its resistance will change in a degree depending upon the amount of light reflected on it. At first or in the dark, the resistance of the selenium is very high, and it gradually decreases

to a small fraction of this resistance as the intensity of the light increases.

This light and resistance property makes it useful for many purposes, both purely scientific and otherwise. Cells of selenium are already in use for switching on and off life buoy lights; for starting and stopping machinery; for measuring the light for exposure of photographic and movie camera films; for measuring the light of the heavenly bodies; for registering railroad signal lights; for measuring intensity of any light; for reproduction of sound waves; for assorting cigars, coffee beans or any article where a difference of shade from white to black is to be distinguished; for protection against burglary, and so on.

We are told that the selenium cell makes it possible to control the ringing of a small electric bell or the starting and stopping of the largest power plant in the world by simply waving the hand, the movement of the hand over the sensitive cell, even though but a fraction of an inch, causing the relay to operate, and further, this relay can be arranged to control any amount of power desirable.



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

RICHARD ALDINGTON, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* (London), reminds us that if we wish to discover whether a writer is a poet we must examine his style. This is declared to be the first elementary test—and an infallible touchstone. If there is no distinguishable style, or if the style of the author is bad; if it is made up of conventional expressions, approximate phrases, dead or mixed metaphors; if we find he is using his medium, words, merely for their sound (as if he were a musician, not a writer), for their prettiness (as if he were a painter), for any quality first of all but their essential meaning; then he is not a poet.

He has, as Mr. Aldington observes, broken the great rule for all writers, which is to use words according to their meaning. And we are inclined to lament with this English critic that "a small minority of writers, a very few in each generation are sufficiently sincere, have enough personality to seek style, to use words according to their meaning. All the rest use words approximately, and theirs is an approximate art. Poetry has no place for mere intellectual counters. It has no place for stereotyped phrases, unconscious quotations of other men's works. It has no place for the dead metaphor, the metaphor which was striking when new, which was the expression of a real perception, but which through use and misuse has become a mere phrase, the counterfeit of an emotion. To judge a book of poetry, to make it pass the first test, examine the style. Look for the precise expression of thoughts really thought, emotions really felt, perceptions really perceived. Look for the phrases which give one a sudden shock

of illumination, which really evoke an object or convey a sensation. Examine the metaphors. If you find a writer's thought approximate, his phrases stereotyped, his metaphors dead, then you may conclude he is not a poet; he is not one of the few who are privileged to make the world live for us with a life of their giving."

As to the correctness of these observations there can be no doubt, but when we turn to Mr. Aldington's own poetry as an illustration, we fail to find, in such verses as the following from *Today*, an approximate test to his severe standard:

ENGLISH SONGS

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

In autumn when the air is still
And leaves hang heavy on the boughs,
How sadly sound from holt and hill
The echoes English songs arouse.

With old songs, new songs, low songs, slow
songs,
Mournfully all the echoes rouse.

But oh! in spring, the merry English
spring
When buds stand light upon the boughs,
How cheerily all the uplands ring
With the echoes English songs arouse.

With old songs, new songs, gay songs,
May songs,
Merrily all the echoes rouse.

Conditions are bad in France, worse
in Germany and disastrous elsewhere
in the Old World, but, in reprinting,
from the (London) *Sunday Express*,
these timely couplets about the tomb
of Tutankh-amen, we wonder what the
conditions really are in Britain, as seen
other than through political dust:

EGYPT AND THE CROMWELL ROAD

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

A BEGGAR walked in front of me,
In ribboned rags, disastrously;

Mopping the puddled rain with pads
Long worn in guttered Iliads.

Halting, with eyes downcast, intent
Upon the splashing stones he went.

He heard me, and with lifted head
Waited my coming, as I said,

To ask an alms; but, as he turned,
His eyes with distant glory burned.

He did not ask an alms; he held
A finger up, and I was spelled.

He did not ask an alms; he said,
"The ancient honors are all sped.

"The ancient honors are all gone
"That founded Rome and Babylon.

"These rags were once Arabia's boast;
"I was a king, and am a ghost.

"The lifting of my hand was doom;
"In Egypt they have found my tomb."

He went, a beggar man again,
Into the shadows and the rain.

A new poet, if not a planet, has swum into our ken, under a starry name, Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, who lays a first book, "Songs of Unrest" (Scribner's), upon our crowded table. It is a book not only of promise but of accomplishment. It displays feeling, stripped of phrase trickery. Though her art is not yet a thing of sheer magic, there is no little sorcery in such verses as follow:

HOMECOMING IN STORM

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

THE ocean thunders in the caverned sky,
And gulls fall straight against a crest of foam,
The black wind roars to bring the great storm by,
And all my sails are full to bear me home!
Thus I come in with rain, and salty lips
Crusted with spray, and eyes that see
for miles
Over the harbor bar, to the huddled ships,

And docks and roofs, and maple-darkened aisles.

The rain smells all of maple and of hay,
And now I put the sea behind my back,
And cross the streets and fields in the old way,
With all the clouds above me hanging black,
And stand here in the rain before your door,—
Moveless with joy, to know you near once more.

A SONG IN SEPTEMBER

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

THE distant hills are gleaming gold,
Ashine with slopes of goldenrod;
And far and high above them sounds
The golden laughter of a god.

But laughter of the gods is faint,
And goldenrod grows gray in rain,
And they were naught to me, could I
But hear your golden songs again.

The wisdom of publishing such a slender and misrepresentative "volume" of poems by W. H. Davies as "The Hour of Magic" (Harper's) is open to question. Now and then, it is true, the presence of one poem in a book may justify its publication. But a poet of Mr. Davies' standing should hesitate to publish a "book" which boasts little more, and much less, than the following:

THE HOUR OF MAGIC

BY W. H. DAVIES

THIS is the hour of magic, when the Moon
With her bright wand has charmed the tallest tree
To stand stone-still with all his million leaves!
I feel around me things I cannot see;
I hold my breath, as Nature holds her own.
And do the mice and birds, the horse and cow,
Sleepless in this deep silence, so intense,
Believe a miracle has happened now,
And wait to hear a sound they'll recognize,
To prove they still have life with earthly ties?

WILD OATS

BY W. H. DAVIES

HOW slowly moves the snail, that builds
A silver street so fine and long:
I move as slowly, but I leave
Behind me not one breath of song.
Dumb as a moulting bird am I,
I go to bed when children do,
My ale but two half-pints a day,
And to one woman I am true.
Oh! what a life, how flat and stale—
How dull, monotonous and slow!
Can I sing songs in times so dead—
Are there no more wild oats to sow?

Marguerite Wilkinson, as revealed in her poetry, is more at home in a tent camping under the stars than in any steam-heated and electric-lighted house. Her passion for the Great Outdoors has been manifested in her previous books, notably "Bluestone" (verse) and "The Dingbat of Arcady" (prose), and it displays accumulating force in her latest volume of poems, "The Great Dream" (Macmillan). The titular poem is perhaps the most ambitious one in his collection, but it is too long for quotation here. It is easy and a pleasure to O. K. such a book. Among the shorter poems we particularly like the three following, the first of which seems to us to be an admirable evocation of an Old England farmer frugal of words:

THE SOMERSET FARMER

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

I SAID,
It is good to live in the country,
To have a small cottage in a big green
field,
A neat little garden inside of a gate-
way—
To see how much you can make it yield;
To have dusty chickens and a spotted
calf
And a good stout cow with a silky skin,
This, I suppose, is better by half
Than the winning of much men die to
win?
The Somerset Farmer rubbed his head
And smiled at me. "Oh-ay," he said.

I said again,
It is good to be friendly,

To have a small door where neighbors
knock,
To get up early and work while you
listen
To a cuckoo singing as well as a clock;
And to lie down when the west is ruddy
With hardly a thought that is not kind;
With the earth to con and the sky to
study

A man need never be dull of mind?
The Somerset Farmer nodded at me
And smiled again, "Oh-ay," said he.

I said,
It is good to have young things near
you,
Children to play with, children to hold;
To hear their laughter, to have them
hear you
Calling to them as you grow old;
To know that you have a part in the
ages
Through all to-morrows though silently,
Immortal as singers and saints and
sages
While youth buds out on the ancient
tree—

The Somerset Man looked out at the sky.
Solemn and soft he said, "Oh-ay."

A DULL DAY

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

FROM cock-a-doodle-doo
To whirry owl's call
I should have been working,
But never worked at all.

From the waking of the thrush
To the waking of the bat
My day was as dull
As the floor is flat.

For my dear had gone out
Where giddy winds blow,
In a queer little car,
And I wanted to go.

Where the wide roads run
On their straight-away quest
From red-in-the-east
To red-in-the-west.

The long day passed
As all days go over
From dew on the grass
To the folding of clover.

But next time, Belovéd,
I'll travel with you
From whirry owl's call
To cock-a-doodle-doo.

OFFERING

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

WHAT shall I offer God?
What shall I set apart
Out of my body and blood,
Out of my mind and heart,
To be His and His alone?

Give Him the costly thing
Never given for gold,
For fear, or love, or hate,
To any soul you have known,
The thing he bade you hold
From the cradle to the tomb,
The thing dearer than fate
That cannot be taken away
By any crowned king,
The thing no wage can pay,
By no praise beguiled,
The thing deeper than doom
That you could not yield your child
For a holy wedding gift
Were she a sweet, white bride—
This thing of terrible thrift
Offer God—your pride.

Once on a time William Watson wrote a memorable quatrain in celebration of Shakespeare (who seems again to be coming into his own on the American stage) to this effect:

Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakespeare's ope.
How welcome—after gong and cymbal's din—
The continuity, the long slow slope
And vast curves of the gradual violin.

In "Faces and Open Doors" (Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Chicago) Agnes Lee also pays tribute to the great dramatist, though not so perfectly, in the first of the following three poems:

SHAKESPEARE

BY AGNES LEE

BECAUSE, the singer of an age, he sang
The passions of the ages,
It was humanity itself that leaped
To life upon his pages.

He told no single being's tale—he forced
All beings to his pen.
And when he made a man to walk the street
Forth walked a million men.

BEFORE SLEEP

BY AGNES LEE

O CHILD of struggle, here's the night!
Then rest, then rest.
Let peace come nestle on your brow.
Put out the light—

Nor back to the old battle hark.
Draw down the shades,
Put out the light. And in your soul
Put out the dark.

CONVENTION

BY AGNES LEE

THE snow is lying very deep,
My house is sheltered from the blast.
I hear each muffled step outside,
I hear each voice go past.

But I'll not venture in the drift
Out of this bright security,
Till enough footsteps tread it down
To make a path for me.

There are two sides even to the ocean as seen by the author of the following nautical verses, which we find in the *Saturday Evening Post*:

EVERY TIME I SEE A SHIP

BY HARRY KEMP

WHEN I think of all the great ships
That have gone down at sea
To lie along the bottom sands
Till time shall cease to be,
With captains in their cabins
And slaves that sleep in rows,
And dainty, skeleton ladies
In ruffs and furbelows—
Oh, then I wish the ocean
Was a thing that had not been
Because of all the lives and ships
That have been lost therein.

Yet every time I see a ship
Go dwindling far to sea,
In spite of all its deaths I'm glad
For its waters rolling free,
Where men may learn that courage
Is more than precious stones,
That the soul is more, forever,
Than its house of flesh and bones:
For the glory of the Greatened Man
That its wars and waves have built,
I am glad God poured the ocean
Like a thing the sky has spilt!

BRITISH CONTROL OF THE RUBBER INDUSTRY IS THREATENED

HENRY FORD and Harvey Firestone figure prominently in a move on the part of American capital to curtail, if not end, the virtual monopoly which British capital at present exercises over the raw rubber industry. Steps have been taken to organize what is to be called the American Producers Association, with a capital of \$50,000,000 or more, probably twice that amount, for the development of rubber cultivation. Both Ford and Firestone will, it is said, be large stockholders in this company.

Meanwhile Secretary Hoover has been attempting to smooth the way in Congress to get through an appropriation of \$500,000 for a government investigation to determine the best field in which rubber and other prime raw materials can be produced. Secretary Hoover informs the House Committee on Appropriations that "we are faced not only with combinations in rubber, but with combinations in nitrate; actual combinations exist in nitrate. We are faced with a combination in sisal for farmers, in connection with binder twine, a combination that is actually operating. We are faced with a combination or various tendencies toward a combination in cocoanut oil and attempts to consolidate the cocoa industry and control prices. The time has come when we must prepare for some sort of national defense against this price control."

The government is said to regard the Philippines most favorably for rubber development, while the business men, among them Firestone, are insisting that the development of the rubber industry in the Philippines would be too subject to interference in the event of war. They are said, by the Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, to be urging the expenditure of every government energy to developing the industry either in southern Mexico or South America.

Secretary Weeks, in the hope of enlisting American capital in this development in the Philippines, makes public a detailed report to the War Department regarding the climate, labor and general adaptability of certain large areas in our insular possessions for rubber cultivation. Administration officials urge that with the four-power Pacific treaty in operation there is so little possibility of this country becoming engaged in any war which might result disastrously on America's line of communications across the Pacific that this alleged danger would be safely ignored.

The business men, however, have laid great stress on this point—so much stress that there is a suspicion in some governmental circles that perhaps their chief object is not to avoid the danger of the war complication at all, but to get the development safely beyond the taxing power of the government at Washington.

At any rate, the business men have been urging in their communications with the government officials that most of the \$500,000 appropriation for investigation should be spent not in the Philippines, but in Mexico and South America. The government also is being urged by those interested in the proposed big corporation to conduct negotiations with some of the South American countries whose laws, at present, would be very onerous on such an enterprise. For example, it is pointed out that Brazil, which perhaps is the most available country, with Colombia probably second, has an export tax of 30 per cent. on rubber exported by a corporation controlled by foreign capital.

Up to 1910 Brazil produced the bulk of the world's rubber. Rubber then was very expensive, Senator Couzens recalling that in that year \$3 a pound was paid. The price rapidly declined with increased production and larger methods generally until it slumped last

September to 15 cents. Now it is 36 cents, and the present figure is regarded by rubber tradesmen as ruinous.

The automobile owners and other rubber consumers of this country will pay in the next year \$110,000,000 more than they should if this price is not reduced, it is asserted, without any calculation of the additional amount which an export tax by the British

would levy. The situation is precarious.

Two-thirds of the world's entire production of rubber for the year ended July 3, 1922, was consumed by the United States, this country taking 261,216 tons as against a total production of 383,400 tons. One-half of the present world's production of rubber, according to official figures, is under the control of Great Britain.

LABOR INVADES A CITADEL OF CAPITAL

SINCE the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers established a pioneer trade-union bank in Cleveland, Ohio, two years ago, as recounted in *CURRENT OPINION* at the time, the spread of this movement on the part of labor organizations has been steady and nation-wide. The resources of that parent institution in Cleveland have increased from \$635,000 to \$19,000,000 and, in so doing, has paid stockholders more than 8 per cent. annually and depositors more than 5 per cent. on their money.

A new chapter in the record of American trade-unionism is headed by the announcement that the same labor union

has purchased "a substantial interest" in the Empire Trust Company, of New York City, which already has resources of nearly \$60,000,000. Its capital is \$4,000,000.

The financial history and purpose of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are prefaced by the statement that it has 90,000 members who pay monthly dues of 50 cents each. Its officers, headed by Grand Chief Warren S. Stone, are said, in the *New York Herald*, to draw big salaries, due to the efficient management of their union, and the union willing to pay handsomely for such protection. As a safeguard against possible strikes the brotherhood has built up a fund of several million dollars. This money was deposited in capitalistic banks, largely in New York. Mr. Stone and his advisers saw no reason why the brotherhood should not reap the benefits and enjoy the power accruing from this money, instead of allowing it to go to fill the coffers of the money trust. Furthermore, there was more than \$100,000,000 already in the treasuries of various labor organizations, some of which might be shifted to a bank owned by a friendly labor union. Labor also has more than \$5,000,000,000 of bank deposits in America, and it was reasonable to suppose that a large share of this would be transferred to a labor bank.

So it has turned out for the Cleveland Cooperative Bank which, says Mr. Stone, would rather make forty loans



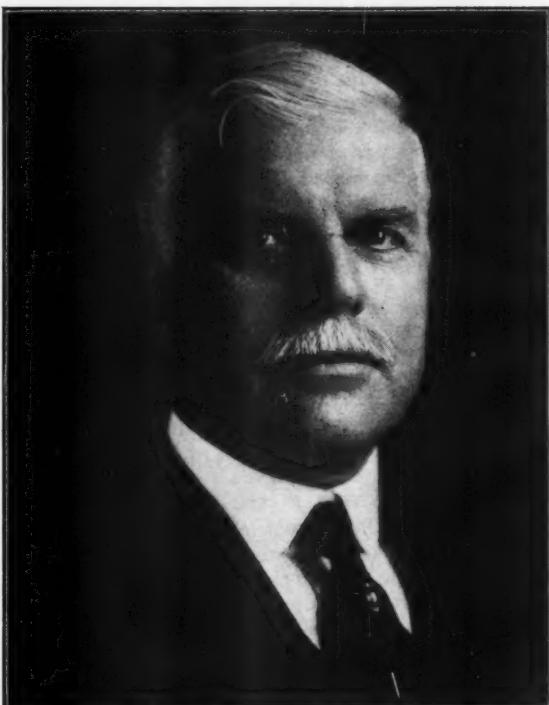
A NEW BUSINESS!
—Cassel in N. Y. *Evening World*

of \$1,000 each than one loan of \$40,000, and which has added approximately \$1,000,000 a month to its resources since opening its doors. Its success has encouraged other labor organizations to enter the field, and the Mount Vernon Savings Bank of Washington was taken over by the International Association of Machinists. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers established the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago. All three of these banks have been successful. The Mount Vernon Savings Bank, opened with \$200,000 capital, now has total resources of \$2,700,000. The Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank has secured \$1,000,000 of deposits in the first three months of its existence. The success of these banks has led to the formation and projected formation of many new labor banks, nine are already established and eleven more authorized.

The connection between the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Empire Trust Company is believed by officers of the latter institution to "promise a new era in banking, and it may be a beginning of the settlement of labor disputes."

While the Cleveland bank is owned outright by members of the brotherhood, and dividends on stock are limited to ten per cent., in the New York affiliation the labor organization becomes merely a part owner with individual capitalists in an established non-cooperative banking institution. But, in this way, thinks the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the brotherhood men may get a new light on the railroad conditions, and the financiers may get a new light on the way labor feels and thinks."

At the same time, it is said of War-



© Underwood & Underwood
A LABOR LEADER WHO IS AT HOME AMONG MAGNATES
Warren S. Stone, head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which has bought a large interest in the Empire Trust Co. of New York, becomes a director in that \$60,000,000 institution.

ren S. Stone that "most of the other labor unions have disliked and distrusted him because he has consistently refused to lead his brotherhood into sympathetic strikes and has refused to allow his brotherhood to become affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. He has gone forward in an independent course, consistently and continuously enforcing respect for his organization by his might, sympathizing with the other labor organizations, but taking it all out in sympathy; always remaining strictly aloof from their wage squabbles."

The value of the peanut crop in 1922 is estimated at \$29,222,000 by the United States Department of Agriculture. In 1921 the value was estimated at \$33,097,000, and in 1920 at \$44,256,000.

WHY STOCK DIVIDENDS ARE NOT INCOME

THE Supreme Court has decided that stock dividends cannot be taxed as personal income; but this five-to-four-vote decision is thought by many to have rested on a technicality and is respectfully cited as an instance of the subtle ways in which "property" or "wealth" escapes its just obligations. Fabian Franklin, stating, in the *Independent*, the essential reason why stock dividends cannot be treated as income to their recipients without flying in the face of facts, makes the point that the man who receives a stock dividend does not, through the receipt of it, get any addition to his possessions. In other words, nothing belongs to him that didn't belong to him before he received the so-called dividend. "A corporation whose capital consisted yesterday of a million shares, of a par value of \$100 each, issues to-day a 100 per cent. stock dividend. This means that any person who owned yesterday one share of the corporation's stock owns to-day two shares; but the two shares which he owns to-day represent simply one-millionth interest in the corporation, just as did the one share which he owned yesterday. There has been no increase in the extent of his interest in the aggregate assets of the corporation, and there has been no increase in the value of those aggregate assets. It does not matter what motive

the corporation may have had in changing the nominal basis of its capitalization. The question is simply whether the shareholder has received anything that he didn't possess before—and he has not."

If, in such a case, the stock had been selling previously at \$200 a share, it will sell at about \$100 a share after its dilution by a stock dividend—and frequently the new quotation is such that two shares fetch less than one did before.

No matter where one draws the line between capital and income, it is emphasized, the only possible basis for taxing stock dividends as income to the shareholder is the supposition that the total value of his shares, old and new, shows an increase over the value of the old shares before the stock dividend was issued. But if the case is rested on that ground, then it is "only this increase that can be regarded as income; and furthermore, there is precisely as much reason for taxing as income such increase in the value of his shares as may take place without any declaration of stock dividends at all."

Whether stock dividends ought to be subjected to special taxation, and what have been the motives of the corporations in the recent enormous issues of such dividends, are admittedly questions open to discussion.

SHOES MADE IN U. S. A. ARE WORN BY 50 NATIONS

LEATHER shoes of American manufacture now are being worn in more than fifty countries, which means in practically every section of the globe. Approximately 3,839,000 pairs of American shoes were exported during the last three-quarters of the calendar year 1922, according to official reports to the Department of Com-

merce. This is within two per cent. of the shipments by English manufacturers who are competing with the United States to control the world's trade in footwear. British shoe shipments totaled slightly more than 4,000,000 pairs during the first nine months of the year.

Despite tariff rates preferential to British goods, American shoes are

crowding out all others in many British colonies and dependencies. In Canada, 80 per cent. of the shoes imported are of American manufacture. Jamaica takes approximately three per cent. of all American shoe exports. British South Africa is another heavy buyer of the American product.

Cuba, which purchased 1,150,000 pairs during the last nine months of last year, is the biggest customer for American footwear. Mexico is second. That country bought 422,000 pairs in

the same period. Canada's purchases amounted to 292,000 pairs, while England bought 189,000 pairs of American-made shoes. Other foreign purchasers of American shoes in the last nine months of 1922 were as follows: France, 22,000 pairs; Russia, 2,500 pairs; Panama, 117,000 pairs; and Denmark, 41,000 pairs.

The shoe export trade was worth more than \$10,000,000 to American manufacturers during the last nine months of 1922.

AMERICAN FARMERS HAVE TO BUY 39.7 PER CENT. OF THEIR FOOD

THE average American farm is 60.3 per cent. self-sustaining as far as its food supply is concerned, according to an official study just concluded by experts of the Agricultural Department. This means that approximately 39.7 per cent. of the food consumed on the average farm is grown in a locality foreign to that farm and must be transported there by railroad, the study shows, taking the United States as a whole.

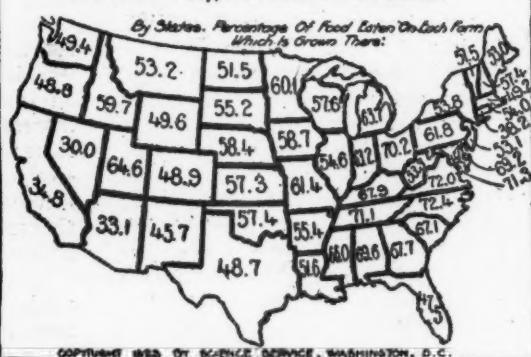
Farmers might be 9 per cent. more self-sustaining than now, according to the Agricultural Department experts, who point out that, if this additional proportion of food were grown on the farms where consumed, a big saving in freight charges might be brought about.

The official study indicates the extent to which agriculture has become specialized. The farmer in New England sits down to breakfast with fruits largely grown and hauled from California and Florida. Potatoes eaten in the stock-raising States are grown in New England or the Great Lakes region.

Roast beef consumed on the cotton plantation of Mississippi grows in an-

AVERAGE FARM FAMILY BUYS 39.7% OF ITS FOOD

Agriculture Department Census Shows Husbandman Grows But 60.3% Of Supplies Consumed On His Domain



other State and is slaughtered in Chicago, Kansas City or Omaha.

Farmers in some States are more nearly self-sustaining than in others. Virginia ranks high in this respect, farmers there being credited with growing 72 per cent. of what they eat. Maryland farmers won a credit of 71.3 per cent. in the official study, Ohio 70.2 per cent., Pennsylvania 61.8 per cent., New York 61.8 per cent., Massachusetts 49.2 per cent., Illinois 54.6 per cent., California 34.8 per cent., and Michigan 63.7 per cent. It will be observed that the leading fruit-raising State, California, is the least self-sustaining.



The Globe Trotter

ONE of the outstanding columnists of our time is H. I. Phillips, whom *Vanity Fair* proclaims "last in direct descent from those rich and racy humorists of the last century, Josh Billings and Petroleum V. Naseby." Mr. Phillips reviews the foibles and frailties of the human race every day in the *New York Globe*, and has lately gathered together some of his articles in a book entitled "The Globe Trotter" (Doubleday, Page). We can find here comment that is always witty and that is sometimes profound on radio, movies, strikes, coal, bootlegging, marriage, and half a hundred other topics.

Mr. Phillips is at his best in sketches inspired by J. P. Tumulty's book on Woodrow Wilson. These sketches culminate in a passage in which Mr. Wilson is footnoted as "President of the United States under Mr. Tumulty." Here is the passage:

TUMULTY AS HE KNEW ME

BY WOODROW WILSON*

(*Mr. Wilson was President of the United States under Mr. Tumulty.)

INTRODUCTION

Inasmuch as my name has been mentioned two or three times in the autobiography of Mr. Tumulty, naturally leading to some curiosity as to my identity, I deem it a duty to issue this little autobiography of my own. While it may not be generally known, the fact of the matter is that I was Mr. Tumulty's President during his two terms as secretary.

I have always had a high regard for Joe. He was, in fact, the best secretary I ever worked for.

CHAPTER I THE MEETING

I first saw Joe in Jersey City. That is a terrible place to first see anybody. In fact, he is one of the few people I ever could "see" in Jersey City.

The first time I was attracted to him, however, was on the occasion of my nomination for the governorship at the Democratic convention. After the nomination I made a speech of acceptance. I shall never forget that after I had talked a couple of hours, the delegates, most of



HE USED TO RUN AN OBITUARY DEPARTMENT

H. I. Phillips, the columnist of the *New York Globe*, at one time ran the obituary department of a New Haven paper. He is thirty-six years old and was born in Hartford, Connecticut.

them case-hardened politicians, began to weep and sob upon one another's shoulders. It was what might be called a crying situation, but I was pleased to see a young man suddenly grab a Turkish towel, several sheets of blotting paper, and rush among the sobbing delegates, mopping up the tears from their shirt fronts and dress-coats. He had them all dry in no time.

That young man was Joseph Tumulty. And for that I made him ruler in the (beg pardon, I was thinking of Gilbert and Sullivan)—for that I made him Secretary.

CHAPTER II WITH JOE AT WASHINGTON

I remember the first question that came up between us when we reached Washington after Joe's election as secretary and his selection of me as President, was whether he should occupy the White House exclusively and I hire rooms in a rooming house. But Joe was very reasonable and we finally compromised; he agreed that I might live in the White House with him if I agreed not to disturb him.

Taking up the trying periods of my administration I wish to explain fully to the American people just what my thoughts and aims were; just why I did certain things at certain times and just why. . . . But, on second thought, I dare not do so; I must write Joe first and get his permission.

More later if his approval is granted.

Effective humor of a different kind is displayed in a satire on the Edison *questionnaire*. Mr. Phillips offers a number of autobiographical confessions, supposed to have been written by Morgan, Schwab, Rockefeller and Gary, and all dealing with the subject, "Why I am a Success in My Business." This is Mr. Schwab's contribution:

There isn't much to say. At sixteen years I entered the Carnegie Steel Works as a stake driver. One day Andrew Carnegie passed through the yards. I called to him: "Hey, Andy!"

"Whatcher want?" he asked.

"Formaldehyde is a drug, a dinosaur is an extinct animal, Ferdinand De Soto was an explorer, and salmon come from the Kennebec River," I replied—just like that.

"Come on back to the office with me," exclaimed Mr. Carnegie, "I want to make you general superintendent of all my mills."

The "curse of the movies" is handled by Mr. Phillips in a rich section keyed to a saying of Senator Myers, of Montana: "The movies are more harmful than the saloon." We quote a few of the best paragraphs:

Yes, sir, it's just terrible the way the men folks are staggering out of the movie houses these days, helpless, bleary-eyed victims of cinema dissipation.

"Where's popper?" asked little Susie, after her dad had been missing for several days and nights.

"Oh, down to one of them movie dens, getting all flickered up again," complains the Mrs.

Before the Parched Period in American history it was the complaint of thousands of American women that their husbands spent most of their time drinking. Today they complain they spend it blinking.

A man can get twice as many reels at a movie house for thirty cents as he used to get in a saloon for a dollar.

"Hey, wake up!" says the movie-house bouncer along about 11 p. m.

"Whatzamattah?" demands the movie addict.

"Get out!" orders the bouncer.

"Jess one more!" insists the addict.

"Nope," concludes the bouncer, yanking him from his seat. "You've had enough!"

And so it goes. He totters out, tries to get into a few other movie houses after hours, finally reaches his home soosed to the gills with plots, close-ups, fade-outs, mob-scenes, etc., and has to be put to bed.

"Y'oughter be ashamed of yourself," complains the wife. "Lettin' the children see you like this and having them know you hang out in picture houses. Why don't you be like Mr. Jones next door? He cut out the movies three years ago, and hasn't touched a drop of scenario since."

Once you become a victim of the Curse of Blink the thing to do is to taper off. See a little less of the picture each night until finally you can get along with only the opening piano solo.

How to Build a Fortune by Systematic Investment

SYSTEMATIC investment is the basis of most large fortunes. By laying aside a small amount of money each week or each month and investing it in amounts of \$1000, \$500 or \$100, every man may build up a comfortable fortune. For example, \$10 a week put by regularly and invested every ten weeks so as to return 6% interest, will amount to \$20,000 in a little over 20 years.

Study the following table, which vividly shows how small sums mount up into large ones in this way:

YEARS	\$10 A WEEK	\$25 A WEEK	YEARS	\$10 A WEEK	\$25 A WEEK
3	3% Interest 1,633.84	4,077.62	10	3% Interest 6,086.55	15,135.71
	4% 1,656.51	4,138.62		4% 6,380.47	15,940.95
	6% 1,691.96	4,230.57		6% 7,925.91	17,572.96
5	3% Interest 2,825.83	7,005.58	15	3% Interest 9,870.67	24,571.15
	4% 2,875.39	7,183.86		4% 10,757.50	26,615.80
	6% 2,998.74	7,198.36		6% 12,440.13	31,112.45
8	3% Interest 4,723.94	11,737.71	20	3% Interest 14,262.37	35,521.38
	4% 4,894.66	12,228.81		4% 16,018.60	39,628.37
	6% 5,271.05	13,182.44		6% 19,717.06	49,309.87

This table is a sample of the material contained in our booklet "Common Sense in Investing Money." The many valuable features of this booklet make it interesting to every investor. It will be sent by return mail, without cost or obligation, on receipt of your letter, post card, or telephone request. Specify

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FINANCE & INVESTMENT

THE average dealer in bonds considers himself a merchant, and a merchant he is in truth. He keeps certain securities in "stock," and as his supplies of particular issues are disposed of he replaces them with others. He is constantly watching for bargains at wholesale, which he may "turn over" profitably at retail. If he finds that one line of "goods," namely, a certain block of bonds, is not moving out as rapidly as he believes it should, he may shade the price a trifle to stimulate sales. The bond dealer, as a merchant, is even affected to a degree by "styles," for the public's taste for securities varies not a little between classes of bonds in accordance with alterations of the business and money situation, or the bent of the national Congress toward tax legislation.

As a merchant, the bond dealer's initial responsibility comes with his purchase at wholesale. It is a responsibility which, while his alone—affecting his profits—is, nevertheless, of considerable concern to the public with whom he does business. He must strive not only to buy bonds which may be resold at a profit, but they must be bonds which represent full value for the money his customers at retail pay him for them. Otherwise, he will not be a successful bond dealer for any length of time.

Inasmuch as the purchase of securities at wholesale shapes the retail price and the quality of "goods" the investor is offered, it may be worth while to recount some of the steps taken by reputable bond merchants in making their purchases. The term "dealer" is to refer to bond firms which buy for their own account in bulk and resell in smaller amounts. A dealer may be a great house which buys solely from

borrowers of money direct and then sells to distributing firms, or a house which buys from the borrower or from the larger house and resells to investors, or a large firm which buys at wholesale and also sells at retail to investors.

What makes a bond good? When a bond is proved good to a dealer's satisfaction, how is the wholesale price determined?

In considering these questions, bonds must be divided into several varieties—government, municipal, railroad, public utility, industrial, real estate, mining, etc. It will not be possible in the short space available for this article to discuss more than three or four classes; but it is hoped that these will give a sufficiently comprehensive idea of the way business is handled as a whole.

First, consider the way intrinsic values of a bond are determined before a dealer bids for it at wholesale. By dealer in this case is meant an investment house with resources sufficiently large to purchase an entire issue of bonds from a borrower of money, say, \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000. And in order to make the description as exact as possible, let us view the procedure accompanying an actual loan made by a public utility company.

This company, serving a dozen communities of the Middle West with electric power and light, found that growing demands for its product necessitated the erection of a new powerhouse and the purchase of equipment necessary to increase its output 50 per cent. It had no funded debt, as the original loan to build the initial plant had been retired from earnings. This company applied to the investment

(Continued on page 492)

Guaranty Service



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MORE than six million bales of cotton, and more than 164 million bushels of wheat left our shores for foreign ports during 1922. These two commodities were the largest items of our export trade, and their value was in excess of \$879,000,000.

A substantial portion of American cotton and grain shipments is financed by this Company, which also

supplies the banking credit and service for the exportation of a great volume of other products.

The handling of such transactions is but one phase of our complete commercial banking service. Whether your banking needs be in foreign or domestic business, we can offer you facilities which may become an important factor in your business.

Our booklet, "Specialized Service to Corporations," discusses our facilities from the viewpoint of their particular value to corporations and firms. It will be sent on request.

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As a token of our appreciation to our old customers and as a welcome to new investors we are presenting a Multi-Lite Electric Lamp to those who purchase a Cochran & McCluer Certified 1st Mortgage Gold Bond.

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There are Cochran & McCluer 1st Mortgage Bond Investors in every state of the Union. Our service includes Cash Bond Sales and Monthly Payment Plan. Our anniversary gift lamp, sent to each investor is an additional reason for immediate action. We employ no salesmen to urge you.

FREE BOOKLETS—Helpful to Investors
Write for our Anniversary Gift Lamp offer and full information about our 7% Certified First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds.

Cochran & McCluer Co

46 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from page 490)

house for \$3,000,000, offering to secure the loan by a first mortgage on its existing property — power-houses, dams, distributing systems, as well as on the new plant to be constructed.

The company's credit was excellent for bank loans and earnings had been sufficient to pay substantial dividends over a period of years. The statistical manuals set forth satisfactory figures of income, assets, outlays for upkeep, etc.; so it might seem that the bankers need not have hesitated at all in lending \$3,000,000 secured by property rated as worth at least \$10,000,000.

But the banking house did not jump at the chance. Not at all. The partners took the company's records and studied them in the light of disinterested statistics from other sources. Then they sent engineers and accountants to look over the plants and territory served. This survey took ten days. In the course of it the corporation's physical condition was examined carefully, and the cities and towns served with electric energy were visited.

What the engineers wanted to know was whether or not the property had been maintained in good shape. What the accountants wanted to know was whether or not the balance sheet and income accounts showed to the bankers were supported by search of the company's books. What all the experts sought to deduct was whether or not the demand for the company's product was likely to grow or decline in the next twenty or thirty years, as long as the bond issue, if sold, would be outstanding. They looked up census reports covering those cities and towns over a long period of years. They secured figures from Chambers of Commerce in respect to the tendency of industrial growth, and they noted the natural resources which helped supply the industries of that territory with raw material. They secured information about transportation facilities.

The loan was made. The bonds sold by the banking firm to-day enjoy a high rating among public utility investments, and the holders of those bonds—

(Continued on page 494)

What 7% Means to the South —And to You

Every year that goes by witnesses a further development of Southern resources and industry, adding to the strength and stability of first mortgage investments in the South. Every year likewise sees an increasing amount of capital poured into the South by outside investors who have been impressed by the soundness and prosperity of the section. History is repeating itself—the history of how a rich territory gradually finances itself by attracting the money of far-sighted investors in other parts of the country.

Miller First Mortgage Bonds, secured by income-producing buildings in leading Southern cities from North Carolina to Texas, offer a real investment opportunity because they make the liberal Southern rate of 7% available to people everywhere. Their soundness is reflected in the fact that no loss of a single dollar has ever been caused to any investor. These bonds are created and safeguarded in precisely the same way as our issues secured by structures in other sections of the country.

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First mortgage bond issues secured by income-earning buildings in eight cities located in seven States are described in our new offering booklet, "Diversified Strongbox Securities." Every one of these issues is protected by our standard system of safeguards. Because of their wide geographical distribution, these securities offer the investor an opportunity to select precisely the kind of bond that appeals to him. We will be glad to send the booklet, together with our comprehensive Semi-Annual Survey of Southern building conditions, on receipt of the attached coupon.

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Utility Securities Are Desirable Investments

THE investment leadership now accorded public utility securities by acknowledged authorities is the result of actual performance. These industries as a whole offer the most attractive field for sound investment today, combining maximum stability, constant and rapid growth, essential character of product, with large numbers of home stockholders.

Among our current recommendations is the 8% Cumulative Preferred stock of

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Comfort and 7%

The difference between comfort and lack of it after your funds have been invested depends on the investment itself.

The First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds we offer for sale are called "A Comfortable Investment" because year after year the investor receives his interest regularly and he has the comfortable assurance that his principal will be returned to him.

We now offer for sale the unsold portion of a bond issue yielding 7% which was negotiated some time ago before interest rates were established at a lower level.

Write at once for full information.

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Capital and Surplus over \$3,000,000
127 No. Dearborn St. 345 Madison Ave.
CHICAGO
Cleveland, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities.

(Continued from page 492)

whether they know it or not—have the assurance that, so far as knowledge and experience avail, the bonds sold to them at retail are good bonds and will remain good bonds as long as they are outstanding.

The thoroughness of this preliminary examination was not exceptional. The investment bond firm which values its reputation is cautious, willing to consume time and spend money to prevent chance of error. It is estimated that less than 10 per cent. of the loan proposals made to the old-established underwriting organizations are entertained at all, and of this percentage only a small proportion are taken.

The purchase of railroad bonds at wholesale in these days requires less exhaustive research of underlying factors than is the case with many kinds of industrial loans. A uniform system of accounting, prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, keeps railroad bankers familiar at all times with their current earnings. Weekly statements of gross earnings are issued; monthly reports of gross and net operating revenue, upkeep and extension disbursements and other vital facts are made public. From this data banking specialists keep abreast of railroad credit; but in addition to statistics there are things to be learned of utmost importance to the wholesaler in bonds.

As a whole, the railroads have permanent relations with bankers whose business it is not only to supply funds when needed, but also to inform railroad managements of the proper time to borrow. To illustrate, the grain-carrying roads of the Middle and Northwest were not overly prosperous in 1921. Grain prices were low, and in consequence the farmers were unable to buy goods in quantity. Rail traffic was light much of the time and running expenses were high. The bankers of such roads, therefore, did not encourage borrowing through new issues of securities. But when the tide turned and grain prices began to improve, the bankers knew that rail credit conditions were on the up-grade and rail bonds could be marketed on a basis

(Continued on page 498)



Will Be Sent Without Cost

Eight ways to test the safety of your investments are given in this interesting booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds." This important booklet (the coupon will bring your copy) has been prepared from the long and successful experience of George M. Forman & Company. Every investor, large or small, should know the facts it gives about getting a higher yield with positive safety.

EIGHT WAYS to Test the Safety of Every Investment

1 Is Your Investment Protected by Property of Permanent Value?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why investments should be protected by property having a permanent value well in excess of the amount of the entire loan.

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"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells what securities come before all others in obligation to pay promptly and fully.

3 Has the Property a Sufficient Earning Power?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why a safe property must have an annual earning power of at least two and a half times the total annual interest on the loan.

4 Is the Property Adequately Protected by Insurance?

An important consideration, as fire often wipes out overnight a valuable property.

5 Is it Properly Managed?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why proper management is essential to insure prompt payment of interest and principal upon maturity.

6 Is the Title Clear?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells a sure way of insuring against loss through faulty title.

7 What is the Moral Character of the Borrower?

As important as proper management—explained in this interesting booklet.

8 Who Offers the Securities You Buy?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why even the experienced investor must depend for safety entirely upon the reputation and length of service of the Banking House offering the investment. It tells of the conservative policy of painstaking investigation and selection which has made it possible for George M. Forman & Company to sell bonds for 36 years without loss to a customer, large or small.

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38 Years Without Loss to a Customer"

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Let "How to Select Safe Bonds" show you definitely how you can enjoy, with absolute safety, a larger income from your investment. Mail this request blank for your copy of this interesting booklet. No obligation.

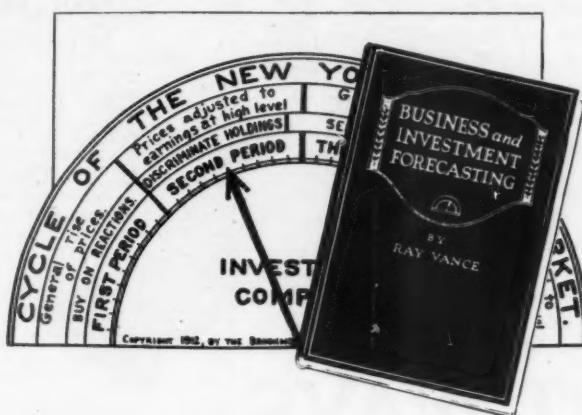
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Dept. 14 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds." No solicitor is to call on me.

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EVERY day you forecast what you will do tomorrow—you make promises to take dinner with Jones next Tuesday at 6.15—How do you know?

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Men make money by being more sure than others what they can reasonably expect. They know the facts.

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For eleven years the Brookmire Economic Service has been furnishing the most discriminating investors and business men with forecasts of this kind. The Brookmire Service has been furnishing information on business and

speculative tendencies, data which successfully forecasts future conditions.

Our editor, Mr. Ray Vance, has recently prepared a book entitled "Business and Investment Forecasting." Every chapter of this 132-page leather-bound book has been written to help the investor decide when and in what to invest—where, when and what to buy.

This book is not a how-to-get-rich-quick book, but it is a simple, straightforward talk of the things, factors and currents which make or mar the plans of those who do not know reasons for expansion and contraction, or rise and fall of prices.

It helps you to foresee good and bad times—to prepare for them—to take advantage of them, because there is just as much money to be made in foreseeing depression or bad times, as in periods of expansion or good times.

Write for this simply-written, helpful 132-page book, profusely illustrated with easily understood graphic charts and outlines. It is a nugget of condensed, useful information for \$2 postpaid.

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Why they stick

On the ground floor of the telephone building a man worked at the test board. It was night; flood had come upon the city; death and disaster threatened the inhabitants. Outside the telephone building people had long since sought refuge; the water mounted higher and higher; fire broke out in nearby buildings. But still the man at the test board stuck to his post; keeping up the lines of communication; forgetful of self; thinking only of the needs of the emergency.

On a higher floor of the same building a corps of telephone operators worked all through the night, knowing that buildings around them were being washed from their foundations, that fire drew near, that there might be no escape.

It was the spirit of service that kept them at their work—a spirit beyond thought of advancement or re-

ward—the spirit that animates men and women everywhere who know that others depend upon them. By the nature of telephone service this is the every-day spirit of the Bell System.

The world hears of it only in times of emergency and disaster, but it is present all the time behind the scenes. It has its most picturesque expression in those who serve at the switchboard, but it animates every man and woman in the service.

Some work in quiet laboratories or at desks; others out on the "highways of speech." Some grapple with problems of management or science; some with maintenance of lines and equipment; others with office details. But all know, better than any one else, how the safe and orderly life of the people depends on the System—and all know that the System depends on them.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all
directed toward Better Service*



He Paved the Way for Your Financial Independence

FIFTY years ago the late Francis H. Smith, who was then employed in the House of Representatives and also a member of the commission appointed by President Grant to settle the Sioux Indian disputes, decided to go into business for himself.

Born and raised on a farm in Connecticut, he knew that the foundation of all wealth was land. He knew furthermore, that the presence of the National Government in Washington, D. C., was a guarantee of constantly increasing real estate values. He knew that money would be needed to finance the Capital's expansion.

Started in 1873

So it was, in 1873, that Francis H. Smith opened an office and engaged in the real estate mortgage loan and investment business.

In 1873 there were no apartment houses in Washington and only 33 small hotels. Today there are approximately a thousand handsome apartment structures and some 125 hotels, which rank with the best to be found in any city in the world.

Developing Washington

The F. H. Smith Company has played its part in this work of development. Buildings like these necessarily had to be financed in order to be built.

Such financing in the majority of cases has been in the form of mortgage loans.

It is these loans—loans on apartments, hotels, office buildings, etc.—that are offered by us to the investing public in the form of First Mortgage Bonds. The security back of them is Washington real estate—improved, income-producing property.

Safe for 50 Years

Our First Mortgage Investments have behind them a record of no less to any investor in 50 years. Funds may be invested for as short a period as 2 years or as long as 15 years, in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000.

The interest return of 6 1/2% is made all the more attractive by definite tax free features.

Our Investment Savings Plan puts these investments within the reach of everyone who can save even as little as \$10 a month.

Let us send you a free copy of our Golden Anniversary booklet. It contains the illustrated story of F. H. Smith's remarkable career and of one of the most interesting periods in the Nation's Capital.

The F. H. SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

FIRST MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

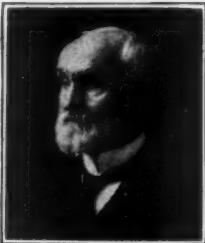
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The F. H. Smith Company,
Washington, D. C.

Without placing myself under any obligation, I would like to receive a copy of your free Golden Anniversary booklet.

18



Francis H. Smith

(Continued from page 494)
of sound underlying values.

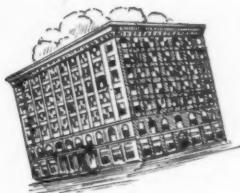
Railroad bankers who buy the bonds of particular roads at wholesale supplement published statistics and general knowledge of business conditions with information supplied to them privately. They seek constantly to gauge the trend of earnings months and even years ahead.

Some years ago an issue of bonds was sold by a Middle Western railroad to a group of bankers who were more experienced in commercial banking than in the purchase of rail bonds. Earnings appeared to be ample for interest on the basis of past and current performances, and so these bankers were surprised, not to say indignant, when competitors suggested that better railroad investments existed than their issue. Events proved that a constitutional weakness affected the bonds, derived from the fact that the character of business in the territory served by the road was changing.

Other bankers, skilled in railroad fundamentals, had declined to bid for the loan for the reason that, very slowly, the weight of the freight movement per mile of track was declining. The more seasoned buyers of bonds had visualized a time, some years ahead, when business transition in the region would prevent the road from earning enough for interest and other charges. Not long ago that road was reorganized, and now its financial structure is well supported on a lower level of earnings which promises to be maintained.

First mortgage real estate bonds are, in some respects, more easily valued by the buyer at wholesale than are the issues of great corporations. For one thing, the assets securing a loan, under the present practice of mortgaging a particular building with the land, are more compact—in a form convenient, so to speak, for the bond merchant to take between his fingers and feel the texture. Realty experts can appraise the property fairly, for that is the business they pursue every day. Earning power of a building can be estimated closely, examined against the background of results attained by other

(Continued on page 500)



Exchange Hotel

Montgomery, Ala.

March 19, 1923

Dear Peggy: We are spending three days here. Montgomery is the State Capital and the Legislature is now in session.

Today we drove out to Camp Sheridan, where Ruth's brother was stationed. Fred is out looking at the new building Caldwell Company are financing here. You know, he is always talking business and now he wants to buy another one of these Bonds, because he says they are the best investment we ever made.

I am saving Confidentially Fred and the time since more money all now safe since we learned Mortgage Bonds are First too ^{1/2} interest piles up as fast that in a few years

Fred is doing what You, too, can do.

Invest where you can assure yourself that your funds are safe and you receive an income return above the average.

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"The South's Answer" will be mailed upon request.

FILL OUT THE COUPON
Caldwell & Company,
801 Caldwell Bldg., Nashville, Tenn.

Gentlemen: Please send me Booklet and full particulars.

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Address

How to Obtain 7% Plus Profit Sharing

Buy this Debenture Bond which carries corresponding Certificate of Profit Sharing, entitling you to your pro rata share of at least One-Third of Net Profits in addition to 7% Bond Interest. Price Par (\$100). \$1,000, \$500, \$100 pieces.

Profit Sharing of 1% Paid September, 1922

Another Hodson Enterprise with similar connections has paid its bondholders a total of 91% in interest and profit sharing in 9 years. Purchase Collateral Bankers Bonds to-day and benefit now by the very good present yield. You may anticipate increased profit sharing as the company attains its full earning power. Use Coupon below.

Clarence Hodson & Co
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SPECIALIZE IN SOUND BONDS YIELDING ABOVE THE AVERAGE
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30 DAY TOUR TO \$425 EUROPE—ONLY

This sum includes all traveling, living and ordinary sightseeing expenses. An unusual opportunity for those interested in seeing at moderate cost all that the Old World offers. Other Gates Tours from \$425 to \$1100, ranging from 30 to 80 days. Sailings from May to September.

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Since 1892 Gates Tours have been planned with the idea of giving their patrons comfort combined with economy. Write today for Gates Tour Booklet J-2.

GATES TOURS—Founded in 1892
"World Travel at Moderate Cost"
225 Fifth Avenue, New York
London · Paris · Rome

(Continued from page 498)
buildings of the neighborhood. When it comes to the purchase of bonds—the making of a loan on the property—the wholesaler is concerned chiefly with lending an amount which will be fully protected by a sizeable margin of property value, and which can be amortized steadily through the use of earnings.

Municipal bonds are, probably, subject to greater competition in the wholesale market than any other class of investment. This has been particularly true since high income taxes lent a peculiar value to tax-free securities. The municipal wholesalers are constantly on the watch for forthcoming issues, and as sales are usually made to the highest bidder it is not exceptional to see as many as thirty bond firms interested in a loan made by a large city.

The legal standing of municipals, whether acceptable investments for savings banks and trust funds, has much to do with the price and competition for them. In place of earnings and property value, the municipal wholesale merchants consider assessed values and rates of taxation of the borrowing city, town or county in making their bids.

The bond merchant must be as wise in setting his prices as in securing "goods" of the proper quality. Naturally, he bids as low as he can; but, in effect, he is dealing in money and must govern his price largely by open market money rates. Yet, like the drygoods merchant, he must weigh the state of the market and determine whether he can resell his bonds at an advanced price without carrying them for a long period.

A famous example of wise wholesale buying was recorded a few years ago when a large block of New York State bonds was taken by a banking group whose bid was close to $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent. higher than the price offered by the nearest competitor—an unusually large difference for such high-grade bonds. Later the block was resold—the next day, in fact—at a handsome profit. The successful buyers at wholesale accurately sized up the investment market and broke away from the strict dictates made by money rates of the moment.

A BEAR MARKET AHEAD?

Last September and October we advised our clients to sell stocks.

In late November we advised repurchase of certain specified rails, industries and utilities.

During the past two months we have again advised the acceptance of many profits.

WHAT NOW?

Should stocks be bought again? Or, are we facing a broad downward movement that will give some real bargains later?

Our Speculative Bulletin—recently off the press—discusses existing stock market conditions from all angles, fundamental and technical, and makes specific recommendations. It should be invaluable to all investors. A few copies of the Bulletin are now available FREE.

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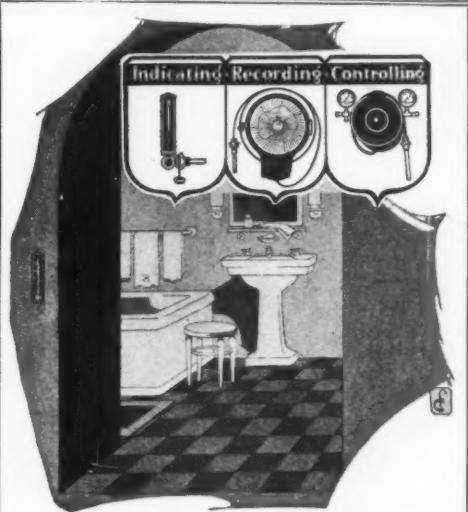
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For three-quarters of a century *Tycos* instruments in the home and in the manufacturing establishment have been safe-guarding health and comfort. Today the Taylor Instrument Companies are the largest manufacturers of temperature instruments in the world—for where exactness and dependability are essential experienced people prefer *Tycos*.

*The comfort of the bathroom itself, the proper water temperature for the bath, can both be regulated by suitable *Tycos* instruments.*

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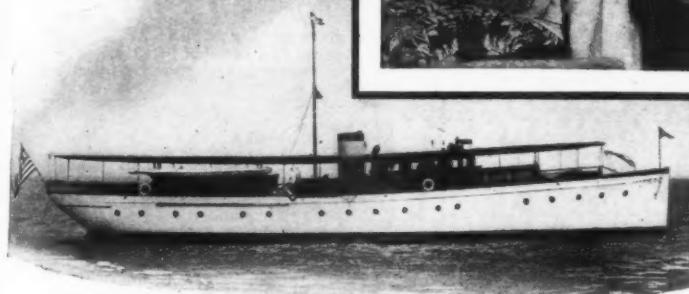
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On the famous cruise of the Speejacks, Mrs. Gowen wrote up the log on a Remington Portable Typewriter

The 35,000-mile cruise of this little 98-foot motor yacht was a thrilling exploit, replete with courage, daring, hardship and adventure.

Lonely tropical islands of the South Seas, off the routes of trade—the East Indies, the Red Sea, the Mediterranean—the empty miles of the Atlantic, were covered by Commodore Gowen and his wife in a wonderful voyage of more than a year.

The log of this amazing cruise was written, from start to finish, by Mrs. Gowen, on a

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Here is Mrs. Gowen's story of how this sturdy machine performed:

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Easy payment terms if desired

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PURPLE MARTIN HOUSE
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Cottage style, cypress, "the wood eternal," painted green or white, \$16.00. "Cottage" style, \$16.00. 26 x 27 x 31 inches. Price \$16.00. Other styles up to \$78.00.



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The gentle bluebird note is the very spirit of Spring. Early and all summer they will destroy the cut worm and other insects. Oil everlasting fir, with cypress shingles and copper capping that dispels lightning. Four compartments. To set on top of pole or other support. 21 in. high, 18 in. diameter. Green. Beautiful as glass. Price \$6.00.



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FREE Mr. Dodson's fascinating booklet "Your Bird Friends and How to Win Them" gladly sent upon request. Forty years' loving study of the birds has completed it.

Write to Mr. Dodson. He will advise on attracting the birds to your home wherever you live! Large estate or city garden.

Dodson Famous Sparrow Trap Guaranteed to Remove this Pest, \$8.00



Dodson Bird Houses



YES! SAVE YOUR TREES AND SHRUBS

Spraying, pruning, re-planting, make a place expensive. The song birds can help you! Put up a few Dodson Bird Houses. Next year you'll add more to them. For the birds save your trees and shrubs and garden from daily insect ravages! Good citizens everywhere are heeding this. Before the buds and plants appear, up go the houses to weather. The birds come. They raise three and four broods thru the summer. They work merrily from dawn till dark. Know the work of the song birds. And don't forget the exquisite beauty and song to be enjoyed. Dodson Bird Houses are scientific, successful homes built for the birds. See them everywhere. Shipped promptly from Kankakee to you.

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Bossert will furnish you with a "sectional" or "Ready-Cut" house at much less cost than you would pay if you built it in the ordinary way.

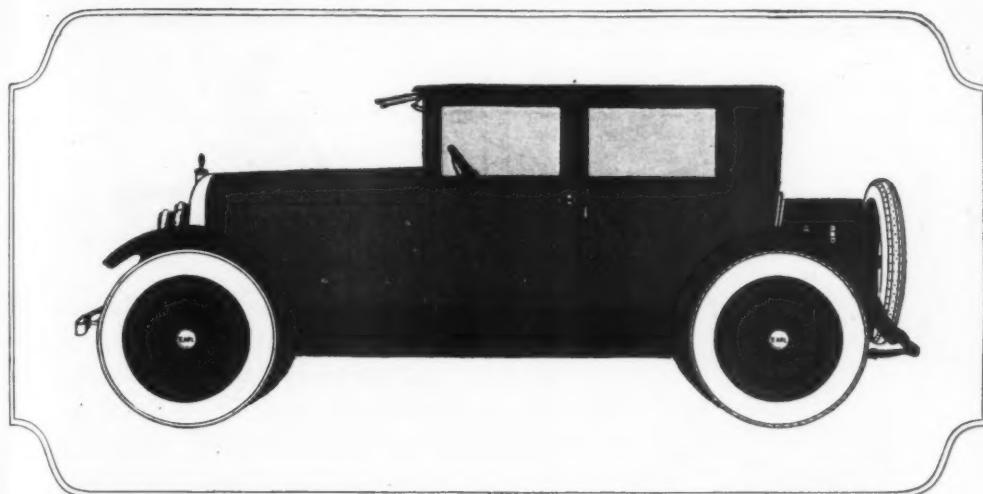
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APPOINTMENTS that rival the most luxurious hotel—comforts and conveniences as in your own home—these are the characteristics of the great new Royal Mail Liners, "OHIO" and "ORCA." They are truly splendid vessels, large and steady, with broad promenade decks, luxurious public halls, and big roomy cabins, and that famous "Comfort Route" service which contributes so much to the enjoyment of a trip to Europe.

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Provender in Plenty



SEYMOUR DUNBAR writes of the meals served in the Early American taverns, "a slice of bread was visible, even when the edge of it was held toward the eye; the butter could be safely attributed to the cow."

Wholesome, ample food has always been the rule at Roycroft Inn. The Roycrofters maintain the generous portions of the Colonial tavern with the refinements of to-day.

And always at Roycroft you will find a congenial and companionable company who respect moods.

Large, airy, simply furnished rooms where comfort and order and organization are supreme.

East Aurora is under the soft spell of Spring—so plan for a week or two now.

Information on tariffs and accommodations gladly furnished.

The Roycroft Inn

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